

New York Saturday Journal

A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1876, by BEADLE AND ADAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. VI.

E. F. Beadle,
William Adams,
David Adams,
PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 12, 1876.

TERMS IN ADVANCE. One copy, four months, \$1.50.
One copy, one year, . . . 3.00.
Two copies, one year, . . . 5.00.

No. 309.

FERGUS FEARNAUGHT; OR, OUR NEW YORK BOYS.

A Story of the Byways and Thoroughfares by Daylight and Gaslight.

BY GEO. L. AIKEN,

Author of "False Faces; or, The Man Without a Name," "Roll, the Reckless," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE STREET ARABS.

It was a curious sight—one well calculated to attract the attention of the passer-by.

A group of boys—the gamins, or street arabs of New York city—was gathered at the junction of Chatham and William streets.

The object of this gathering was plainly perceptible in the central figure in the group.

This figure was a boy, who stood in a peculiar attitude. He had engaged the services of two boot-black boys, either with a view to expedition, or swayed by some eccentricity of his nature, and stood, something in the pose of the famed Colossus of Rhodes, on their two boxes, with one boy polishing his right boot, and the other his left.

The appearance of the boy was as peculiar as the attitude he had chosen. He had a frank and open face, with strongly defined features, and he wore his hair, which was light-brown, inclining to red, or what is termed auburn, quite long and flowing.

His skin was very white, somewhat freckled, and he had a color in his cheeks that many young girls would have envied. His nose was long and straight, his eyes a dark blue, the pupils looking like glittering sapphires set in ivory; and he had a small, well-shaped mouth, with finely cut lips, upon which decision was firmly stamped.

There was a kind of "don't care" air in the boy's face and manner generally that impressed the beholder at once with the idea that he was, to use a common expression, "full of fight."

This idea was a correct one, as the reader who follows this veracious narration to an end will discover.

The boy's clothes were none of the best, and the boots which he was having polished were patched in several places, yet his appearance denoted cleanliness and a desire to make the most of his limited advantages.

He formed a striking contrast to the boys by whom he was surrounded, and they evidently considered him a being apart and not in common with themselves.

The free and easy pose he had assumed, and the patronizing manner in which he had directed the boys to "shine 'em up good," had not been without its effect upon their minds.

It is true, however, that the juvenile boot-blacks, who are generally eager enough for a "shine," evinced some hesitation to accept that youth's proposal to "go to work," and one of them, whose Irish descent was plainly perceptible in his features, remarked, with great pertinency:

"Say, Cully, I shines fur der shiners. How are yer off fur der brads?"

"Dat am de question!" added a sable youth, who also followed the occupation of blacking boots.

"Take you both, and give you a five-cent nickel each!" cried the free-and-easy lad, in a very nonchalant manner.

This promise amazed the boot-blacks.

"Mebbe yer flush!" exclaimed the Irish youth, who was known on the street as "The Chicken," though his baptismal appellation was John Dugan.

"I'd like to see dat nickel," said the black boy, who appeared to be of a suspicious nature.

He also bore the street name of "Cockroach"—a nickname suggested by his true name, which was Sherod Roach.

Boys are very apt in choosing nicknames for their comrades and playmates.

The boy customer inserted his hand into the right-hand pocket of his trousers, and drew forth about ten bright five-cent pieces.

He tossed these up in the air, one at a time, and dextrously caught them in his left hand as they descended, after the manner of a conjuror.

A butcher-boy, who was passing along with a basket on his arm, paused and gazed in admiration at this feat.

"How is that for high?" inquired the frank and fearless youth.

"Purty tall!" responded the butcher-boy, whose square figure, and fat, stolid face, sufficiently proclaimed his Teutonic origin.

The boot-blacks both recognized this youth as an acquaintance.

"Hello, Dutchy!" cried the Chicken.

"How is you, Knockemhigh?" inquired the darkey.

The butcher-boy had also acquired a nickname—his family appellation of Knochenhaver having been familiarly twisted into "Knockemhigh."

The young Dutchman merely grinned, show-



Sail in, bobbies--go to work!" he exclaimed encouragingly to the bootblacks.

ing a set of strong white teeth, in answer to these salutations.

The Chicken and the Cockroach set down their boxes upon the sidewalk, and the light-haired youth stepped upon them, placing one foot on each.

"Sail in, bobbies--go to work!" he exclaimed, encouragingly, to the bootblacks, and he jingled the five-cent pieces merrily in his hand.

This music was very stimulating, for they set to work at once with a will, each emulous to outstrip the other in the desired "shine."

The novelty of the strange boy's position soon attracted a crowd of the boys who haunted that neighborhood, and their exclamations and salutations revealed a variety of names by which they distinguished each other.

There was a large, slouchy boy, in an old cap, and a ragged suit of clothes, with his reddish hair closely cut, a pug nose, and a bull-dog expression of countenance, who was distinguished as "Rowdy Rube."

He was evidently the "cock of the walk,"

or "bully" of that locality. The bundle of newspapers which he carried under his left arm proclaimed his vocation. He was a news-boy.

There was another lad, with a dark olive complexion, sharp black eyes, curly black hair, and a hump on his nose, who was saluted as "Ikey."

He was the son of Jacob Jacobs, the pawnbroker in the vicinity.

And there was another gamin, with a foreign look on his face, who was called by the perplexing name of "Loose Lemons."

When you learned that his name was Louis Lamoire you could understand the transformation that gave him that peculiar title.

The cosmopolitan population of the great metropolis afforded still another foreign boy type: This was a diminutive Italian who carried a small fiddle and a bow.

He was one of those unhappy mites of humanity that Crosby street sends out into the streets to earn a few pennies in a musical way.

This juvenile musician appeared to have

friends among the other boys, who called him "Ben Gummy." They had shortened his full name of Benedisto Gummo into this, with easy facility.

Nor were the boys alone attracted by the peculiar position our hero had assumed. Two men paused, who were walking leisurely up Chatham street, conversing in an interested manner.

The moment the eyes of one of them fell upon the face of the boy he stopped abruptly, and exclaimed, in an involuntary manner:

"Good heavens!"

This exclamation greatly surprised his companion!

"Eh, eh!" he cried. "What's the matter?"

"Look at that boy!"

"Eh, eh! What is there remarkable about him? A street vagabond?"

"No common street vagabond, I am certain," returned his companion.

"I want to take a better look at him."

"Why?" inquired the other, curiously.

"Because he puts me so much in mind of—" He paused abruptly, biting the sentence in two, as it were, and swallowing the unspoken portion.

"Who?" demanded his companion, surprisedly.

"No matter!" was the short answer.

His companion was by no means offended by his curtness; he only chuckled to himself and muttered:

"As close as an oyster! If ever there was a close man that man is Rufus Glendenning." Glendenning, advancing close to the boy, made a deliberate survey of him from head to foot.

"Yer goin' in for an extra shine, my bold Fergus!" cried Rowdy Rube, my bold only to be pushed aside by Glendenning.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed, irately.

Fergus caught the fixed gaze of the stranger, and returned it unflinchingly, taking in Glendenning's face and figure with a quick, searching glance. He saw a man, apparently some thirty-five years of age, with a tall, well proportioned figure, and well dressed, evincing in his appearance the possessor of ample means—evidently a man of wealth, and moving in good society.

He had bushy black hair, curly at the ends, and his features were good, not to say handsome, though his complexion was a trifle too sallow, and his heavy black eyebrows were too marked, and came too near each other at the bridge of his nose.

These gave his countenance a somewhat morose expression, which was increased by the heavy black beard he wore.

A large diamond pin was fastened in his immaculate shirt-front, and gleamed with a clear luster, like a diminutive star.

For full a moment the man and the boy stared at each other, but Fergus' blue eyes never flinched beneath the searching scrutiny of the man, and he finally said:

"Guess you'll know me when you see me again!"

Glendenning smiled in a mysterious manner, but answered with great affability:

"I think it very likely. What might your name be, my boy?"

"I'm not your boy; my father was a better looking man than you are," replied Fergus, as if he resented the interest the stranger took in him.

"I dare say," returned Glendenning, unmovedly. "But what was his name?"

"What would you give to know?" rejoined Fergus, thrusting his hands into his trousers pockets, and winking saucily at Glendenning.

"This," answered Glendenning, taking a fifty cent currency stamp from his pocket and extending it toward the boy.

Fergus did not offer to take it; instead of that he burst into the words of an old Scotch song, which he sung with singular force and sweetness:

"Oh! what's his name,
And where's his name,
I dinna care to tell!"

This snatch of melody had a marked effect upon Glendenning.

"The very tones of the voice are the same!" he muttered. "It is unaccountable! strange secrets have been brought to light by almost incredible means, but if he is anything to Heavens! this is something that, in all my fancies and imaginings, I never dreamed of."

"Shine away, you fellars!" Fergus admonished the boot-blacks, who had suspended operations in open-eyed surprise at this colloquy. "I can't afford to stop here all day. I've got other fish to fry."

"So you will not tell me your name?" resumed Glendenning, coaxingly, and not evincing any annoyance at the boy's somewhat impudent manner.

Rufus Glendenning was one of those men who could keep his temper under exasperating circumstances, particularly when he had a point to gain; and he undoubtedly had one in this instance.

"Why should I?" answered Fergus, carelessly.

"Why should you not?" returned Glendenning, smilingly.

Fergus cast another searching glance into the dark face before him, his manner showing that his short experience of life had made him suspicious of the world's denizens. Perhaps he had cause to be so. We shall learn that when we come to know him better. It was evident, though, that Glendenning had not impressed him favorably, and that he was not disposed to gratify the man's curiosity.

"Well, my name might be Jones," he said, slowly.

"Ah!"

"But it isn't!" continued Fergus, with a chuckle; whereat all the other boys laughed. "Dat is goot!" cried Ben Gummy, the Italian boy, showing his white teeth after the fashion of a pleased monkey.

"I'll tell yer what his name is!" exclaimed Rowdy Rube, eying the fractional note, which Glendenning still held in his hand, covetously. "Do so, and you shall have this," said Glendenning, holding the note toward him. "His name is Fergus Fearnought," cried Rowdy Rube, and he quickly secured the coveted note. "Oh, my heyes, but yer's a haul!" he added, delightedly.

He did not see the wrathful glance that Fergus shot at him; perhaps it would not have troubled him if he had.

"Fergus Fearnought?" muttered Glendenning. "That's an odd name! It can't be, surely, be his right name?"

"Why not?" demanded his companion, who, standing by his elbow, overheard these muttered words. "He's odd enough to have any kind of an odd name."

These words, though not spoken in a very loud tone, reached the boy's ears, and, for the first time, drew his attention to this man.

"Hello! Why there's Pickles!" he exclaimed, in a ringing tone. "How's shyshtering down to the Toms, now, eh, Pickles?"

The personage thus addressed grew crimson in the face from the tip of his long nose to the roots of his sandy hair.

"How dare you, you devil's cub!" he exclaimed, wrathfully; and he advanced in a threatening manner upon the boy, who threw himself into a boxing attitude, and squared off at the enraged man.

"Hi! hi! just twig him, boys!" he cried, sarcastically. "The little great lawyer is riled!"

CHAPTER II.

A "BULLY FIGHT."

GLENDENNING caught the diminutive lawyer by the arm and led him away; he made no resistance, only spluttering to himself in a highly incensed manner.

"Come away—don't make a fool of yourself—be only a boy," said Glendenning, as he pulled his companion away. "I've learned all I wish to know—at present."

"Phew! what an impudent cub!" spluttered Pickles, for he really did bear that singular cognomen; and he was by no means pleased with it.

His sign at his office door—the door of an ancient wooden frame building on Center street—bore this inscription:

EFFINGHAM H. PICKLES,
Attorney at Law.

This sign denoted the particular weakness of the little lawyer. Those who had known him in boyhood declared that he had always been called "Hank Pickles"—having been christened Henry, and that the high-sounding prefix of Effingham had been of his own selection and adoption. This looked like an effort upon his part to overshadow the Pickles with the Effingham. But it was a failure, as such attempts generally are.

He could not efface the record of his birth, nor blind the eyes of people to the fact that he was the son (and heir) of honest John Pickles, or "Pickle John," as he was always called; for he had, by some strange arrangement of destiny, taken up the pickle trade as a means of gaining a livelihood.

Some people are said to have a "soul above buttons;" on the same principle young Henry had a soul above pickles. He despised his father's business and would have nothing to do with it.

He satisfied the longings of his ambition by entering a lawyer's office, at an early age, and began to study law with the high aspiration of one day sitting on the judge's bench of the supreme court.

In the atmosphere of law the latent rascality in his nature developed with a rapid growth.

"Like father like son" has been an old saying, but it is by no means a truism. There are many sons who grow up very unlike their fathers, and Hank Pickles was a striking illustration of this fact.

He was as full of roguery as his father was of honesty, and the worthy old pickle merchant went to his grave with a settled conviction that "Hank would come to no good."

The young lawyer was not ignorant of his father's opinion of him, but it did not trouble him to the extent of greatly disturbing his peace of mind. He thought that parent had injured him beyond all forgiveness by obliging his high ambition and great aspirations to struggle under so heavy a load as the name of Pickles.

Thus you will readily understand the state of wrath into which he had been wrought by Fergus Fearnought's unceremonious salutation. No wonder he considered the boy an "impudent cub."

Rufus Glendenning rather enjoyed the little lawyer's spluttering rage.

"The boy evidently knows you," he said.

"Yes," growled Pickles.

"Do you know him?" inquired Glendenning.

"I? No! never set eyes on his brazen face before," answered Pickles, testily.

"Then how comes it that he appears to be so familiar with you?"

"Oh! they all know me."

"All who?"

"All the young rogues and rascals about New York. They see me about the courts, and most of them have been hauled up on some charge or other. Couldn't you see jail-bird written distinctly on his countenance?"

"Indeed I could not! I think the boy has a very handsome and striking face."

Pickles made a grimace.

"There's no accounting for tastes," he rejoined.

This was a mild way of expressing his difference of opinion with his friend and patron.

"And then, such an odd name as he has," continued Glendenning, musingly—"Fergus Fearnought!"

"Oh! bless you, that is not his right name," cried Pickles, quickly.

Glendenning smiled in the mysterious manner characteristic of him.

"Do you think so?" he rejoined.

"I do, most decidedly," replied Pickles, emphatically.

"So do I."

"You do?"

"Yes; and I would give something handsome to find out what his true name is," answered Glendenning, impressively.

Pickles became interested at once; he was always on the alert for any chance for profit.

"Ah!" he ejaculated, encouragingly.

"Could not you find out something about this gamin for me?"

"I might."

"I would make it well worth your while."

"Of course; you have been extremely lib-

eral to me in our little transactions," responded Pickles, obsequiously. "But I don't understand what interest you can possibly take in this young arab," he added.

"It is not necessary that you should. It is enough for you to know that I do take an interest in him."

"Of course; you thought he resembled—um—ah!" The lawyer paused, but as Glendenning did not deign to answer, he continued: "some particular—I might say, some very dear friend of yours?"

A strange light gleamed from Glendenning's dark eyes.

"Oh! very dear!" he replied.

But the expression of his face, and the tone of his voice, made his words a puzzle, as you could not reconcile them with each other.

Pickles noted this in a bewildered manner.

He was tolerably keen-witted, as one of his calling must necessarily be, but there were many things about his friend and client, Rufus Glendenning, as he was fond of calling him, as he happened to be the only wealthy client the little lawyer had ever possessed—that he had never been able to understand. He generally gave up the attempt to solve the riddle with the observation:

"Close, close as an oyster! The closest man I ever saw!"

In his opinion—and he was not unlike his fellow-mortals in this respect—anybody who could baffle his penetration must be very deep, indeed. Yet he cunningly reflected that his pursuit of the information which Rufus Glendenning showed himself anxious to obtain must necessarily reveal his motive to him.

"If I understand you aright you want this boy shadowed?" resumed the lawyer.

This detective phrase was not familiar to Glendenning's ears.

"Shadowed?" he rejoined, surprisedly; "what do you mean by that?"

"Watched by some one who will follow him as closely and stick to him like his own shadow."

"Oh, ah, yes! that's my idea, exactly. Not a bad way of putting it," answered Glendenning, with an approving nod of the head.

"We lawyers know what we are about," said Pickles, with a complacent chuckle. "In a week's time I'll engage to find out all about this boy—who he is, where he came from, where he was born, how long he has lived in New York, what his true name is, and who his father and mother were."

"That's precisely what I want to know."

"And the compensation?"

"Will be equivalent to the value of the information you obtain. You will find no cause to complain."

"I never do with you, Mr. Glendenning," returned Pickles, with an obsequious smirk.

"You think you can manage this affair for me in a week's time?"

"Beyond a doubt," replied Pickles, confidently.

"Very good. In a week's time I will call upon you at your office."

"You are living over in Jersey now?"

"Yes, on Bergen Hill."

"What do you find to amuse yourself with over there?"

"I am improving some real estate in connection with my cousin, Elliott Yorke."

"Ah! he's one of the magnates of Jersey?"

"Yes; he owns largely over there, as well as in the city here. He is very wealthy."

"And has no children?"

"No; but he has a wife."

"Ah! He is much older than you?"

"Fifteen years."

Pickles smiled significantly.

"If he should die childless it would not be a bad thing for you," he said.

And Glendenning smiled also; but he answered, in an indifferent manner:

"Perhaps not."

With these words they separated, and Rufus Glendenning muttered to himself, as he pursued his way, thinking aloud:

"Ah! if he should die—if he should die? I have often thought of that! Why, then the way would be clear! Oh, heavens! what ecstasy in the thought! It is not his wealth I covet; no, not that—let others yearn for that—I seek a richer prize!"

And the mysterious smile again mantled his dark features, and his black eyes gleamed with a triumphant look of expectation.

Leaving him to pursue his thoughts and his way together, we will return to Fergus Fearnought.

We find him giving the five-cent nickels to the Cockroach and the Chicken, they having given the requisite polish to the boots.

Fergus was by no means pleased with the information which Rowdy Rube had so freely volunteered, and he took him to task for it in his impulsive way.

"See here, you, Rube," he cried, "you're altogether too fresh."

Rube laughed disdainfully.

"Oh! am I?" he returned, in a bullying tone. Then he turned to the group of boys, remarking: "Look at the little bantam rooster! Ain't he putting on frills?"

"I'll put a frill on you!" exclaimed Fergus, menacingly.

"Oh! will you? Here, you, Ike! jest hold my papers while I wallop this rooster out of his new-blacked boots!"

Ike took the bundle of papers with alacrity, and the other boys burst into exclamations of delight at the prospect of a fight.

"Go for him, Ferg! Sell in, Rube! Put a head on him, Ferg! Climb on his left eye-brow, Rube!" were the cries, indicating that each boy had his friends among the lookers-on, and that their favoritism was pretty equally divided.

Rube threw himself into a boxing attitude, and began to flourish his long arms, with the red fists at the end of them. Being twice the size of Fergus he was confident of victory. Most of the boys appeared to think that Fergus stood no chance against him.

The boy bully had got up a large reputation on a small capital, as is generally the case.

Those in the crowd who sympathized with Fergus trembled for the result.

"Cut and run," advised Ben Gummy, the fiddler boy. "He be big enough to eat you."

"Not much!" responded Fergus. "He can't get away with me as easy as he thinks. I'll knock the spots out of him in five minutes."

And he boldly awaited the attack of Rowdy Rube. This youth plunged forward with his head down, something after the fashion of an enraged bull.

Expecting his opponent to fly without resistance, he did not keep a very sharp look-out ahead. In consequence of this his fists went on either side of Fergus' head without touching it, and he received a blow under the chin that made his teeth rattle in his jaws, and sent him to the sidewalk in a sitting posture, where he gave utterance to a dismal howl—a howl in which surprise, rage and pain were strangely blended.

"Hooray!" shouted the boys, delightedly.

This first repulse of the bully sent all their sympathy over to Fergus.

"I'll fix you for that!" howled Rowdy Rube.

He gathered himself hastily up, and made another and more desperate plunge at Fergus, who stepped lightly aside, thrust out his foot, tripped up Rube, and sent him sprawling in the gutter.

Rube was completely demoralized by this second overthrow. As he attempted to rise he saw Fergus standing over him.

"Lemme up!" he whined.

CHAPTER III.

A YOUNG BLOOD.

"HOORAY!" shouted the boys again.

The bully was whipped, there was no mistake about that, and he would no longer dare tyrannize over them.

The blow given him under the chin by Fergus had caused him to bite his under lip and the blood trickled forth, to his great consternation. He seemed to think he had received a mortal injury, and all desire for further fighting was completely taken out of him.

"Lemme up!" he whined, abjectly, for the second time.

"Have you had enough?" inquired Fergus.

"Yes," answered Rowdy Rube.

"And some to spare," added the Chicken.

This remark produced a shout of laughter from the other boys, and in the midst of it, Rowdy Rube gathered himself up, recovered his bundle of papers, and went slouching down the street, never opening his lips to cry his wares until he reached the next corner.

The other boys began to move away in different directions, but the Italian fiddler remained with Fergus. His easy victory over Rowdy Rube had greatly raised Fergus in Ben Gummy's estimation. He had received sundry punches and kicks from the bully, which he was too small and weak to resent, and he derived a natural satisfaction in witnessing that summary punishment.

"Dat was goot!" he told Fergus, delightedly. "You knock him down goot—oh, my! fast-rate! Hit him some more de next times."

"I'll hit you!" cried a harsh voice, and a ratan descended, with a slashing sound, upon Ben Gummy's back.

"Yah!" he yelled, in pain and affright.

"You lazy little whelp! is this the way you fool your time away, instead of trying to earn some pennies? I'll teach you better!"

Again the ratan was raised, but the blow was not given the second time, for Fergus sprang upon the man, wrenched the ratan from his grasp and dealt him a couple of cutting blows across the face.

"Take you care—it is de padrone!" cried Ben Gummy, warningly, as he saw Fergus spring forward.

"You coward—to strike such a little fellow, and for nothing!" exclaimed Fergus, indignantly, as he administered the cuts, with all the strength of his vigorous young arm, upon the padrone's face.

This padrone was a small-sized, wiry-framed Italian, past middle life, with a bearded, swarthy face, somewhat sinister in expression. His features by no means evinced an amiable disposition.

Never was a man more astonished than he was by Fergus' unexpected attack, and his rage was equal to his astonishment.

"Maledizione!" he spluttered; for, though he could speak very good English, ordinarily, he always expressed himself in his native tongue when enraged.

Then he drew forth a keen-bladed knife from some secret pocket, and sprang toward Fergus, with a murderous intention gleaming from his small, glittering and bead-like eyes.

"Take you care!" cried Ben Gummy, who knew the significance of this action; it was not the first time he had seen a drawn knife in the padrone's hand; and then he took to his heels and ran away, leaving Fergus at the mercy of the enraged Italian.

But Fergus never thought of flying; he doubled up his fists and faced the padrone, boldly.

Well had he been given the name of Fearnought, for the thought of fear appeared to be unknown to him.

His bravery, however, would have availed him but little in this emergency where the odds were so much against him, if aid had not come to him in a most unexpected manner.

"Stop that!" cried a clear, youthful voice, and its owner enforced the command by rapping the padrone over the knuckles of his right hand with the little gutta-percha cane he carried.

These raps were given with such quickness and precision, that the padrone dropped his knife, with an exclamation of pain, and then he stood grimacing at the boys, and swearing furiously a string of Italian oaths.

"Oh, dry-up, and be off!" advised the newcomer, in a peremptory manner; and he shifted his cane in his hand, giving full play to its ball-shaped, lead-loaded top.

This action was not lost upon the padrone, nor the appearance and good clothes of his new opponent.

He quickly stooped, recovered his knife and ratan, flung a parting oath at the boys, and then shuffled down the street.

"The macaroni-eater has beat a retreat!" cried the newcomer, laughingly.

And the little boys who had been attracted by the altercation, shouted:

"Hi! hi!" approvingly.

"Bully for you!" cried Fergus, thanking his new friend with an admiring glance from his bright, honest, blue eyes.

The other boy surveyed him, curiously.

"You're a likely chap," he cried, after he had taken this survey.

"You're another," returned Fergus, cordially.

"What's your name?"

"Fergus Fearnought. What's yours?"

"Clinton De Witt Stuyvesant."

"Oh, you belong to the big bugs!" Clinton laughed.

"What makes you think so?" he inquired.

"You look like it: and then you've got such a big name."

"Oh, yes, considerable of a name—there's no mistake about that; they put all the family names upon me. Considerable of a load for a growing boy to carry, don't you think so?"

"I guess you can stand up under it," rejoined Fergus, evincing an increasing interest in his new friend.

Indeed there was the stamp of a long and gentle lineage upon Clinton Stuyvesant's handsome face. He formed a strong contrast to Fergus as he stood beside him. He was full a head taller, much more slender in frame, and he had a pale complexion, without that vivid tint of rose that blushed on Fergus' cheeks, and his hair was chestnut brown, and his eyes hazel. He was Fergus' senior by a twelve-month, his age being sixteen while Fergus appeared to be but fifteen, despite the precocious look of wisdom on his face. I say appeared, as Fergus was by no means certain of his own age—his recollections of his infancy being of the vaguest kind.

There was as much difference in the attire of the two boys as there was in their personal appearance. Clinton's clothes were new, of the finest quality, and made by a fashionable tailor, whereas Fergus' had been purchased ready-made, probably at one of the cheap clothing stores on Chatham street, and showed long wear, and were patched in several places.

These patches would appear to indicate that some female hand had been kindly exercised to keep Fergus' attire in repair.

In his hand Clinton swung the limber gutta-percha cane that had proved so serviceable. Fergus watched the play of his fingers, and contrasted them with his own. His were as shapely and as small, but they lacked the delicate whiteness of Clinton's, being brown and roughened by toil.

Slowly the two boys sauntered up the street, side by side, going toward the Bowery, and at every step Fergus' admiration of his new friend increased. He was charmed by his easy, nonchalant manner, and the genial expression of his handsome face. This admiration found vent, in his usual impulsive manner, in the forcible exclamation of:

"You're some!"

Clinton's careless eyes assumed an expression of surprise.

"Eh?" he cried, interrogatorily. "Some what?"

"One of the boys!" explained Fergus.

Clinton laughed, in his careless, good-natured way.

"You can gamble on that," he replied.

"Go it while you're young," that's my motto."

"Do you?"

"I just do!"

Fergus looked a little enviously at his new friend.

"I'd like to go it, too," he said.

"Can't you?"

"No," answered Fergus; and he sighed regretfully.

Clinton took a cursory survey of him, and rejoined:

"I suppose not; haven't got much to go it with."

"No. Your dad's got the rocks, hasn't he?"

"Lots of 'em."

"That's nice!"

"Well, it's kind of tidy."

Clinton took a cigar-case from his pocket, an elegant affair with female faces exquisitely painted upon either side. He opened it and selected one of the cigars from its silken interior, taking it out daintily with his slender fingers. Then he extended the case toward Fergus, saying:

"Try a *Flor del Fuma*?"

"Thank you," replied Fergus, "but I don't smoke."

"No! Haven't come to it yet?"

Fergus smiled, and answered:

"No; and never expect to."

Clinton shook his curly head in a ludicrously-gal fashion.

"I wouldn't advise you to," he said; "it's a bad habit to get into, and when once you begin, it's deuced hard to leave off."

Having made this sage remark, he returned the cigar-case to his pocket, nipped off the end of the cigar with his white, even teeth, put it between his lips, took a box of patent lighters from his pocket, ignited one, and lit the cigar, puffing at it with an air of great enjoyment.

Fergus watched his actions with great interest. It was evident that this young sprig of the aristocracy had made a strong and favorable impression upon his mind.

"Do you smoke much?" he inquired, when Clinton had got his cigar well lighted.

"Oh, dear, yes! I'm an inveterate smoker."

Clinton said this resignedly, as if it was an affliction to which he was obliged to submit.

"Don't it cost a good deal?" asked Fergus.

"I suppose so," answered Clinton, in his careless fashion; "but the governor stands it."

"Your dad?"

"Yes

will you?" said the admiral, facing briskly round. "Just stand by till we see how we're coming. The question is, now, where's Firefly? That's the question, ain't it, Snowdrop?"

Erminie's sobs were her only answer. "Just stand by a minute longer, will you?" said the admiral, lifting up the forefinger of his right hand, and aiming it at Erminie's head. "Firefly's gone—sunk—went to the bottom, and no one left to tell the tale—ain't that it, Snowdrop?"

Erminie, knowing the admiral must be answered, made a motion of assent.

"Now the question is," went on the admiral, bringing the finger down upon the palm of his other hand, and looking fixedly at them: "the question; what did Firefly run afoul of? She must have run afoul of something, mustn't she, Snowdrop?"

"Y-e-s, I suppose so," said Erminie, not very clearly understanding the admiral's logic.

"And that something she run afoul of is supposed to be smugglers. Port your helm," roared the admiral, on whose somewhat obtuse mind the whole affair was slowly beginning to dawn.

"Oh, Admiral Havenful! what do you think they will do with her? Surely they will not kill her!" exclaimed Erminie, looking up imploringly.

"Just you hold on a minute longer, will you, Snowdrop?" said the admiral, looking fixedly at the fingers lying on his broad left palm, "and don't you keep putting me out like this. Pet's run afoul of smugglers; they have boarded her, and she's knocked under and surrendered. Ain't that it, Snowdrop?"

"They have carried her off—yes, sir," wept Erminie.

"They have carried her off—yes, sir," slowly repeated the admiral, in the same tone of intense thoughtfulness, "they have carried her off, but where to? There it is, Snowdrop, where to?"

"Oh, I wish I knew! I wish I knew! If we could only discern that, all would be well. Oh, dear, dear Pet!"

"Pet has run afoul of smugglers and been carried off, nobody knows where. Stand from under!" yelled the admiral, in a perfect paroxysm of grief and consternation, as the whole affair now burst in full force upon him.

There was no reply from Erminie, who still wept in silent grief.

"Main topsail haul!" shouted the old man, in mingled rage and grief, as he all dawned clearly upon his mind at last. Pet's gone! Been captivated; been boarded, scuttled, and sunk. Oh, perdition!" yelled the admiral, jumping up and stamping up and down, grasping his wig with both hands, in his tempest of grief. "Oh, Firefly, you dear, blessed little angel! You darned, diabolical little fool! Going and thrusting your nose in to every mischief that ever was invented. Oh, you darling, merry little whirlingig! You confounded, blamed, young demon! To go and get yourself into such a scrape. Oh, if I only had hold of the villains! They ought to be hung to the yard-arm, every blessed one of them. Oh, Pet, my darling! By the body and bones of Paul Jones, you ought to be thrashed within an inch of your life. Oh, oh, oh, oh!" roared the admiral, in a final burst of grief, as he flung himself into his chair and began a fierce mopping of his inflamed face.

While thus engaged, another step resounded without—a slow, lingering, dejected step—and the next moment the pallid features, and mild blue eyes of Mr. Toosyeps beamed upon them from the door.

"Orlando," shouted the afflicted admiral, "she's went and did it! Firefly's gone and did it! Yes, Orlando, she's gone to Davy's locker, I expect, before this, and the Lord have mercy on her soul!"

"Admiral Havenful, I'm really sorry to hear it, I really am," said Mr. Toosyeps, wiping his eyes with the north-west corner of his yellow bandana. "I never felt so bad about anything in my life. I never did, I assure you, Admiral Havenful. But why can't they go to Davy's locker after her? I should think they wouldn't mind the expense in a case like this."

"Orlando C. Toosyeps," said the admiral, severely; "I hope you don't mean to poke fun at people in grief; because if you do, it shows a very improper spirit on your part, and a total depravity I should be sorry to see, Orlando Toosyeps."

"Why, my gracious!" said the astonished and aggrieved Mr. Toosyeps; "what have I said? I'm sure, Admiral Havenful, I hadn't the remotest idea of being funny, that ever was; and if I said anything that wasn't right, I beg your pardon for it, and can assure you I never meant it."

"Well, then, enough said," testily interrupted the admiral. "Now, Snowdrop, look here; what are they going to do about Pet?"

"Ray and Ranty have gone to Judgetown to get the people to search. They think she is somewhere along the beach, in some hidden cave the smugglers have there."

"U-m-m! very good," said the admiral, nodding his head approvingly; "perhaps they will find her yet. I'll go over to Judgetown myself, and ship along with the rest. We'll scour the whole coast; so that if she's above water anywhere, we must find her."

"I'll go, too, Admiral Havenful," said Mr. Toosyeps, with more alacrity than he usually betrayed; "that is, if you think there is no danger with them smugglers. You don't think there is any danger, do you, Admiral Havenful?"

"Blame them—yes!" roared the admiral, fiercely. "I wish to the Lord Harry I could only come across some of them! I'll be blowed if I wouldn't give them the confounded keel-hauling they ever got in their lives! If you are afraid, Orlando Toosyeps," said the admiral, facing round with savage abruptness, "stay at home! Any man that wouldn't volunteer in a case like this, ought to be swung to the yard-arm and left to feed the crows. You would be a blue look-out for the commander of a privateer—wouldn't you?"

"Admiral Havenful," said Mr. Toosyeps, abashed and rather terrified by this outburst, "I beg your pardon, and I ain't the least afraid. I'll go with you, and do my best to help you to keel-haul the smugglers, whatever that may be. Miss Minnie, good-by. Don't take on about it, because we'll be sure to find Miss Pet and bring her home. I dare say the smugglers will give her up, if they're only asked politely."

The admiral heard this comforting assurance with a sort of unspeakable contempt, and then waddled off, and grunting bodily and mentally, mounted Ringbone, and accompanied by Mr. Toosyeps, set out at the rate of half a knot an hour to Judgetown.

During the remainder of the day, Erminie was left alone, half wild with alternate hope, terror, anxiety, and expectation. Her busy

fingers, for a wender, were idle now, as she passed continually in and out, watching, with feverish impatience, the forest road, in the hope of seeing some one who could give her some news of how the search progressed.

But night came, and no messenger had arrived to relieve her torturing anxiety.

It was a sultry, star-lit night. Not a breath of air stirred the motionless leaves of the forest trees, and the clear chirp of the katy-did and lonely cry of the whippoorwill alone broke the oppressive silence. Down on the shore below, she could faintly hear the dreary murmur of the waves as they sighed softly to the shore; and at long intervals the wild, piercing cry of some sea-bird would resound above all, as it skimmed wildly across the dark, restless deep. The wide, lonesome heath was as silent as the grave; and the long line of cherry-red light that usually shone over it from the parlor-windows of the White Squall was not visible to-night—the dreary darkness betokening its master was away. The forest lay wrapped in somber gloom, looming up, like some huge, dark shadow, in the light of the solemn, beautiful stars.

All within the cottage was silent, too. Keturah had long ago retired, and the negress, Lucy, was sleeping that deep, death-like sleep peculiar to her race.

Standing in the shadow of the vine-shaded porch, Erminie watched with restless impatience for the return of some one from Judgetown—her whole thought of Pet and her probable fate. Unceasingly she reproached herself for having allowed her to depart at all that night; never pausing to reflect how little Pet would have minded her entreaties to stay when she took it into her willful little head to go.

The clock struck nine, and then ten; and still no one came.

Half-despairing of their return that night, Erminie was about to go in, when the thunder of horses' hoofs coming through the forest road arrested her steps.

The next moment horse and rider came dashing at a mad, excited gallop up to the gate, and Ray leaped off and approached.

"Oh, Ray, is there any news of her? Is she found?" eagerly exclaimed Erminie.

"No; nor is she likely to be as far as I can see," said Ray, gloomily. "Not the slightest trace of her has been found, though the whole beach has been searched, from one end to another. They have given it up now, and gone home for to-night. Ranty and the admiral stay in Judgetown all night, and the hunt is to be resumed to-morrow, with the same success, I suppose. They are mad—worse than mad—to think they will ever see her again."

He flung himself into a chair, and leaned his head on his hand, while his thick, jet-black hair fell heavily over his face.

Something in his look, tone, and attitude awed and stilled Erminie into silence. Though her own gentle heart seemed bursting with grief, there was a depth of passionate despair in his that repressed all outward sobs and tears. In silence they remained for a while, she silently watching him, and trying to choke back her sobs; and then, going over, she touched him gently on the arm, and said:

"Dear Ray, let me get you some supper; you have tasted nothing since early this morning."

"Supper! Do you think I could eat, now?" he cried, with fierce impatience. "I do not want any. Go!"

"Dear Ray, do not look and speak so strangely. Perhaps you will find her to-morrow."

"Perhaps—perhaps! When a man has lost all he loves in the world, there is a great consolation in a cold 'perhaps' he may find it again. Do you think those hell-hounds would spare her a moment, once they got her in their power? Oh, Petronilla—bright, beautiful Petronilla! lost, lost forever!"

"Ray, Ray!" exclaimed Erminie, in low, terrified tones, as a new light broke upon her, "did you love Petronilla?"

"Love!" he cried, with passionate fierceness, starting up and shaking back his thick, dark hair. "Yes; I loved her with a love that you with your gentle nature and calmly-beating heart can never dream of. I loved her as only those who can love whose veins, like mine, run fire instead of blood. Now that she is forever lost to me, I may confess what no living mortal would ever have discovered else. Yes; I loved her! What do you think of my presumption, little sister? I, the beggared grand son of a despised gipsy, educated by the bounty of her uncle, dared to lift my eyes to this heiress, beauty and belle—this proud daughter of a prouder father. Loved her? Yes; beyond the power of words to tell!"

One white arm was around his neck, and Erminie's soft, pitying lips were pressed to his forehead of flame. She did not speak—no words were needed; that silent caress bespoke her deep sympathy.

He sat still and silent for a moment; and then he started up and seized his hat to go.

"Are you going out again, Ray?" asked Erminie, surprised and uneasy.

"Yes; for an hour or so. I cannot stay here, with this fever fire in heart and brain."

He walked rapidly away from the cottage, and, as if involuntarily, his steps turned in the direction of the shore. Right over the shore, in one place, the rocks projected in a sort of shelf not more than five feet from the ground. Underneath they went in abruptly, and thus a sort of natural roof was formed; and the sheltered place below had been the favorite playground of his boyhood.

Up and down this ledge he paced, now, absorbed in his own bitter thoughts, and totally unheeding the flight of time. One hour, two, three passed; and still he remained, thinking of the lost one.

Suddenly he paused. Did his ears deceive him, or did he hear voices underneath. His own steps were muffled by the velvety carpet of moss and grass that covered the place, and he walked to the outer edge and listened intently. Yes; there were voices underneath, talking in low, cautious tones. His heart gave a great throb, and he got down on his hands and knees and peered for one moment over the cliff. Right beneath were some half-dozen rough, uncouth-looking fellows, in the garb of sailors, and one of them, Black Bart, he remembered to have often seen in Judgetown. Had he discovered the smugglers' haunt at last?

Laying his head close to the ground, he could catch, at intervals, this conversation:

"Yes; he's gone for good; cleared out when he found he must be discovered. What a pretty mess you made out of it, Bart, taking the wrong gal, after all," said one of them.

"Well, it wasn't my fault," growled Black Bart. "How was I to know one from t'other? Serves the old sinner right, too, to get taken in. Curse Garnet! This comes of trusting these infernal land-sharks."

"What a beautiful hunt they had over the beach to-day!" said another, with a low chuckle. "They'll be at it to-morrow, too, and have

their labor for their pains. Well, cap'n, does the gal still stick to her story that she ain't the one she ought to be?"

The reply to this was given in so low a tone that Ray could not hear it, and in his intense eagerness he leaned further over to listen. But, as he did so, he lost his balance. He strove to save himself, but in vain; over he must go; and, seeing there was no help for it, he took a flying leap, and landed right in the midst of the astounded freebooters!

With interjections of surprise and alarm, half a dozen bright blades instantly flashed in the moonlight; but, ere any violence could be offered, the tall form of the outlaw chief interposed between them, and father and son stood face to face!

CHAPTER XXXV. FATHER AND SON.

"When lovers meet in adverse hour,
'Tis like a sun-glance through a shower—
A watery ray, an instant seen,
Then darkly-closing clouds between."
—SCOTT.

SILENTLY they confronted each other—those two, so nearly connected—so long separated—so strangely encountered now. Did no "still, small," inward voice whisper to each that they were father and son? Was the voice of Nature silent, that they should gaze upon each other as strangers gaze?

Yes, even so; for although the outlaw chief started for a moment to see before him the living embodiment of himself at the same age, the emotion passed in a moment, and the strange resemblance was set down to one of those accidental likenesses that so often surprise us, and which cannot be accounted for.

Ray, too, fancied this dark, daring, reckless-looking chieftain resembled himself somewhat; but the passing thought had even less effect upon him than it had on the other.

The men, still grasping their swords, had encircled Ray, and were glaring upon him with darkly-threatening eyes, as he stood boldly erect, and undauntedly confronting the smuggler chief.

"Well," said that personage, at last, breaking the silence, and calmly surveying the intruder from head to foot, "who the foul fiend are you, young man, that you come tumbling from the clouds among us in this fashion?"

"He is a revenue spy. Let us pitch him in the river, cap'n!" said Black Bart.

"Silence, sir! Come, my good youth, answer: What is your business here?"

"My business is, to discover the young lady you have so basely abducted. If you are the leader of this gang of cut-throats, I demand to be instantly informed where she is!" said Ray, determined to put a bold front on the matter since he was in for it.

"Whew-w!" whistled the captain, while the men set up an insolent laugh. "For coolness and effrontery, that modest demand cannot be easily beat. And what if we refuse, young sir?"

"Your refusal will not matter much, since to-morrow your retreat will assuredly be discovered, and then you will every one meet the doom your diabolical actions deserve!"

"And what may that be, most candid youth?" said the smuggler chief, with a sneer.

"Hanging!" said Ray, boldly; "a fate too good for villains base enough to forcibly carry off a helpless young girl!"

With low, but passionate imprecations of rage, the outlaws closed around Ray; and his mortal career might have ended then and there, but that the captain a second time interferred.

"Back, men!" he said, authoritatively. "Let there be no bloodshed to-night. Do you not know there are two places where a man ought to speak without interruption—in the pulpit and on the gallows. This foolhardy fellow is as completely in our power as though he were swinging in mid-air, so he can speak with impunity. Pray proceed, my dear sir. Your conversation is mighty edifying and interesting. So, hanging is too good for some of us, eh? Now, what would you recommend to be done with us, supposing you were our judge?"

"Burning at the stake, perhaps?" suggested Black Bart; "and after that to be hung, drawn and quartered!"

"This is no time for fooling!" exclaimed Ray, impetuously. "I demand to be instantly led to Miss Lawless, wherever she may be!"

"A demand I am most happy to comply with," said Captain Reginald. "I always do like to oblige my guests when I can. This way, my young sir. But just keep your eye on him—will you?—and see that he does not give you the slip."

"Ay, ay, cap'n," said Bart. "Hadn't I better bind and blindfold him?"

"No, it will be needless, as, in all probability he will never set foot on this shore again."

"I understand: 'Dead men tell no tales!' All right, cap'n," said Black Bart, with a demoniacal laugh, as the whole party, with their prisoner in their midst, started along the beach after the captain.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 290.)

Nick Whiffles' Pet: NED HAZEL, THE BOY TRAPPER.

BY CAPT. J. F. C. ADAMS.

CHAPTER XVI—CONTINUED.

NED MACKINTOSH was prudent enough, when he left the camp with Miona, to take a very different direction from that which led toward his destination. When assured that he was beyond sight he turned off sharply to the right and made all haste toward the ridges which for so long a time seemed to have shut them in.

Whiffles was confident that they had traveled a goodly distance by this time, for both of them were too wise to permit anything—not absolutely beyond their control—to prevent their making all haste out of what they might properly view as a literal Valley of Death.

So the trapper did not bother to look to the right or left, but kept straight on toward the mountain, intent only upon reaching it as close in the rear of his friends as possible.

He knew the Blackfeet were swarming through the valley, searching up and down in every direction for their prey, and, as he had remarked to his friends, this persistent pursuit would be kept up so long as there was the least prospect of success.

The ground was very rough and uneven, and the wood became more open as he advanced; but he and his dog bounded forward like a couple of chamoises, scarcely heeding the obstructions any more than those animals.

Once over the ridge and into the stream that flowed northward, with his faithful paddle in hand, he would fear no pursuit from his foes. A day or two would carry him be-

yond the Blackfoot country, into a territory where they would be sure of meeting friends and where all danger of Miona's recapture would be ended.

Filled with these cheering thoughts, Nick pressed forward and soon found himself ascending the slope toward which his eyes had been turned so longingly for a day or two past.

On, up he climbed, until at last he reached the culminating point. Here in the pale moonlight he cast his eyes anxiously down the other slope. He could just discern the course of the stream, along whose banks, somewhere near at hand, lay the canoe, which he had used several months before in making the same journey.

The descent upon the other side was much more abrupt, and in a short time Nick Whiffles was at the bottom. Then a few hundred yards further he stood upon the bank of the stream.

Just then a footstep struck his ear, and turning his head, Ned Mackintosh stood before him. Nick impulsively caught his hand. "Where's the gal?"

"She's all right," laughed Ned, at his eagerness, and while he spoke Miona came smilingly forward and joined them.

"Didn't you have any trouble?"

"None at all," replied Ned. "As soon as we got fairly away from the camp-fire, we struck a bee-line for the ridge, and never stopped till we reached this point, where we awaited your coming. We haven't seen an Indian on the way, and count ourselves very fortunate."

"You are, indeed, by mighty if you ain't."

"Are we not out of all danger?" asked Miona, with a glowing face.

"We ain't yet, but we soon will be, if good luck follows us. These varmints ain't goin' to let us alone. That canoe of mine ain't fur off."

The search was begun, and in a few minutes ended in discovering the little boat stowed away under a clump of heavy bushes. It was placed in the water, and the three took their seats, just as the ears of all heard that same ominous, dreaded tremolo whistle of the Blackfeet startlingly near them.

Nick muttered an expression of impatience. "There the varmints are ag'in, by mighty!"

CHAPTER XVII.

JOURNEYING TO THE HAPPY LAND.

THE fugitives, including Calamity, were seated in the canoe, and Nick Whiffles was holding the paddle in his hand, when the well-known whistle of the Blackfeet was heard. The worst of it was that it sounded down stream, so that it looked as if they would be compelled to run a gantlet.

Dipping the paddle softly into the stream, he began cautiously moving with the current, listening and watching, while Calamity, in the prow of the canoe, with his paws resting upon the gunwale in his old-fashioned manner, was all vigilance and watchfulness.

All the wonderful skill of Whiffles and his dog was now called into exercise, and he warned the lovers not to attempt to move or to speak even in a whisper.

The moon, faint though it was, was against them, for the owl eyes of the red-skins would be on the alert, and a little inadvertency at such a time would prove fatal. Nick kept as close under shore as possible, and moving with a tardiness that at times made his progress less than that of the current itself.

Something less than a quarter of a mile was passed in this manner, when the same whistle reached their ears again. This time it came from a point directly below them, and was instantly answered from a point above.

At the same moment, Calamity gave utterance to his warning whine. At that time they were in the shadow of the shore, and close to a sort of tiny bay, about a rod in depth. Into this Nick instantly sent the canoe, for the time had come when a halt was necessary.

Nick was quite confident that the canoe was not seen by the Blackfeet as yet. Red Bear had been wise enough to know the point aimed at by the fugitives, and upon being freed from his durance at the camp-fire, had summoned his warriors and started upon a fierce and immediate pursuit.

In the deep shadows of the cove, overhung by dense shrubbery, the darkness was impenetrable. The occupants of the canoe could look out on the creek and see the surface of the water reflecting the pale moonlight, but when they withdrew their gaze they could not see each other's faces.

Scarcely five minutes had passed when the soft rustling of a stealthily-moving Indian was heard. It was a familiar sound to Nick; he had heard it many a time in years past, and he could not be deceived. The red-skins were searching for them. The trapper knew, from the peculiar sound, that the red-skin had parted the bushes within six feet of the canoe, and was peering into the gloom in search of them.

It was a trying ordeal, where men, woman and dog knew that their lives depended upon absolute, utter silence, and all stood it well. Like so many statues carved in stone, they sat, motionless, speechless, and almost breathless.

For two minutes the Blackfoot waited and listened, and then withdrew, and in the same stealthy, cat-like manner continued his search along the banks above them.

This Indian had not been gone long enough for the whites to dare to attempt to breathe freely, when a second enemy put in an appearance.

A slight rippling of the water caused all to turn their gaze toward the creek; they saw a dark, round body floating upon the surface, which they instantly recognized as the head of an Indian, who was swimming in the deep water.

Nick Whiffles, with the instinctive sagacity that distinguished him, made up his mind that discovery was inevitable, and he grasped the buck-horn handle of his knife to make sure it was ready.

Swimming against the current, the savage moved very slowly, so as to make his search as thorough as possible, and doubtless his black eyes were scrutinizing the dark shore, on the alert for the first indication of the hiding-place of his victims.

Curiously enough, the Indian swam on by the cove, and had nearly passed out of the range of vision, when he seemed to suddenly discover his oversight, and turning back, swam directly into the opening.

The water was so deep that he continued swimming even when abreast of the canoe, and within an arm's length of the shore. He was groping about with his hand, to make certain of not missing anything within, and began at the upper side of the half-circle, made by the indentations, and proceeded to make the circuit of the cove.

Such a search could not fail to be effectual, and, as he came around where the boat lay, his hand touched the gunwale, and he slid it ra-

pidly along, with the instant conviction that he had discovered his prey.

"Hooh!" he exclaimed, as he reached his arm further over.

But, just then, something was placed upon his shoulder which quietly but powerfully forced him under the surface of the water and held him there.

It was the iron grip of Nick Whiffles that forced him under, and against which he was powerless to resist.

The Indian struggled fiercely, and in doing so, Nick felt an ornament around his neck. It was an ornament so peculiar in its construction, that he recognized the wearer at once as Red Bear.

A thrill of amazement ran through the hunter at the discovery, for it seemed as if the young chief was doomed to haunt them.

"Lean t'other way, quick, or the boat will upset," said Nick, as he braced himself in the canoe.

His command was obeyed, and calling into play his immense strength, he drew the limp, almost lifeless body into the boat, depositing it at his own feet. There was a gasp and a struggle, and, as Red Bear gained command of himself, Nick spoke hurriedly in the Blackfoot tongue.

"Don't stir or speak, or I'll drive my knife through you!"

The Indian did not move, and but for his hurried breathing, the lovers would have believed he was dead.

Ned Mackintosh felt that it was misplaced mercy to spare this treacherous red-skin, and he was impatient that Nick should have drawn him into the boat out of danger; but there was no gainsaying the trapper, who certainly was entitled to have his way.

For half an hour they remained in this cove, at the end of which time Nick felt satisfied that the Blackfeet were all up the stream out of their way, and consequently the coast was clear.

Once more he dipped his paddle beneath the surface, and began cautiously floating down the current, still keeping close to the bank, and moving with the same care that had distinguished his actions from the first.

Red Bear lay motionless in the bottom of the canoe. Faster and faster rowed the boat, until gradually it neared the center of the stream, where advantage could be taken of the current.

The hours of darkness were improved, and the toughened old trapper plied his oar with ceaseless energy.

The night wore on, and mile after mile was placed behind them. When the gray light of morning broke over wood and stream, all were asleep excepting Nick Whiffles.

When the forenoon was well advanced the creek was found to open into the south branch of the Saskatchewan.

Here, for the first time, Nick turned the boat ashore, touching the beach very lightly, but with sufficient force to awaken Red Bear, who came to the upright position and looked wonderingly about him.

"Red Bear," said Nick, "this is the second time you've been in my power since yesterday's sun went down. Just as you was drownin' I found it was you; I hauled you out, and saved you. You are in my power now, and though I say it myself there ain't many that would be as merciful to you as I am. But, you're an Injun and I'm a white man, and your ways and mine ain't the same. I've took your weapons away from you, 'cause I can't trust you; and I've carried you so far away from your warriors that there ain't any more reason to fear 'em. You can now step ashore and go back to your village, with the good-by of Miona, Mackintosh and Nick Whiffles."

The Indian stepped sullenly out, and as his feet touched the ground again, he looked back for a moment, and then turning about vanished in the wood.

The next instant the canoe was under way down the South Branch. When the lovers opened their eyes and saw him gone, the trapper told him that he had left, and there was no more need of thinking further of him.

Near noon the entire party landed, and a fire was kindled, while Nick and Calamity went in search of game. It was easily procured, and he prepared one of the best meals that they had ever eaten. Then they had a long rest, after which they re-entered their canoe and continued their leisurely way down the South Branch until night closed about them. A camp was made, and with Calamity as their sentinel, the entire party secured a long night of slumber and freedom from fear.

The river was followed until its most northern point was reached, when the canoe was left on the beach, and they made the journey on foot across the country to the Churchill river, where they procured a canoe from the Indians, and when they disembarked again, it was at their destination, FORT CHURCHILL.

Here Miona joined her mother and father, whose joy at the restoration of their long-lost daughter I leave to the imagination of my readers.

Nick Whiffles was looked upon as the hero he really was. He at first refused the rewards that were pressed upon him, but, more to gratify the donors than himself, he accepted a couple of splendid rifles, two magnificent silver-mounted revolvers, and a number of knives.

Besides this, Ned succeeded in inducing him to take a package, with the promise not to open it until after their departure. In this parcel was a photograph of the giver, and underneath it a roll of bills amounting to two hundred pounds.

Nick remained at the fort several days, but finally bade all farewell and started southward on his return, with Calamity, to join Firebug, and to resume his wild, lonely life in the solitudes of North America.

A week later, the homeward bound vessel "Victoria" sailed up through Hudson's Bay, out through the straits, into the stormy Atlantic, and on across the ocean toward London. Among her passengers were Bandman and his wife and daughter—the child of the woods—the betrothed of Ned Mackintosh, who, the happiest of the happy, was one of that vessel's precious company in its homeward flight over the sea.

THE END.

—It is said that Charles Francis Adams is worth more than \$2,500,000; and, besides, Mrs. Adams is very rich by inheritance. "This fortune is being constantly increased by Mr. Adams' prudence," says a Boston paper. "Constantly increased by his avarice" would doubtless be nearer the truth. When

THE SATURDAY JOURNAL

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 12, 1876.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and is the Canadian Edition. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers, Postage Prepaid:

One copy, four months - \$1.00
One copy, one year - 3.00
Two copies, one year - 5.00

In all orders for subscriptions be careful to give address in full—State, County and Town. The paper is always shipped, promptly, at expiration of subscription. Subscriptions can start with any date desired.

Tax Notice.—In sending money for subscription, by mail, never include the currency except in a registered letter. A Post Office Money Order is the best form of remittance. Letters by mail will be answered as soon as possible. All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to:

BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,
50 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

The Men of '76.

We shall commence in our next a series of *historical biographies*, giving graphic, spirited and authentic sketches of THE MEN OF '76, to whose patriotism, bravery and devotion we owe our independence as a people.

In this, the Centennial Year of our existence as a nation, it is eminently proper to inform the mind and instruct the heart upon the lives and labors of the FATHERS OF THE REPUBLIC—to reinspire the spirit of liberty, and to disseminate that knowledge of the past which every citizen and youth in the land should be eager to obtain.

The series will embrace the story of Washington, Lafayette, Putnam, Greene, Wayne, Gates, Marion, Paul Jones, Franklin, etc., etc., and in depicting their deeds will detail almost the *Whole Story of the Revolution*—thus giving the papers a double value.

It is one of the SATURDAY JOURNAL'S Centennial Offerings which we know will be welcomed by all.

In Mr. Aiken's New Story

we are taken into strange scenes and places—through the Young Thieves' Den, the Water Rat's haunts, the Tombs' Police Court and Cells, the Black Maria, the Blackwell's Island Prison, the Burglar's Lair and "Fence," the Underground "Runs"—among which he moves as "one of the boys," yet not one of the crime-tainted.

A CHILD OF THE STREETS,

the familiar with the nameless classes and those who "live by their wits," he is yet, by some invisible influence, kept apart from them, and in the course of his most exciting adventures and experiences catches glimpses of that higher, nobler, better life which is his by right of birth and heritage.

A Romance of Reality,

it brings in several very prominent actors and participants well known in the history of city courts, and the leading events are drawn from one of the strongest passages in that history, wherein a lady of great beauty, talent and wealth becomes at once a prey to her own heart and to the machinations of an artful plotter, rapidly vacillating between

Street and Salon—Tenement and Palace

in its action and exciting interest—making its perusal a source of deepest pleasure to all classes of readers alike. It is by far Mr. Aiken's happiest effort, and one of the best tales of the times any journal has presented for years.

Sunshine Papers.

Representative Journeymen.

SUMMER and winter, though always more largely in summer, dense rivers of human life flow into New York every morning from other cities and towns near and remote. Some portion of these thousands of journeymen are transient ones; but more are those whose daily vocations are in the metropolises, and whose homes are out of it. This latter class comprises men, young and old, and not a few ladies. There are the business men—merchants, brokers, and bankers, and a large proportion of book-keepers and clerks; also, professional men—editors, engineers, scientists, professors, and lawyers. There are students—stylish young ladies and men arrived at that adolescent period of their life when they know more than all generations past and all to come—and schoolboys and girls, a goodly, merry, rollicking band. The school-teachers travel, too; severe, precise-looking maidens, who do enough dignity for a whole train-full of boat-load of people; and lady clerks, operators, cashiers, bookkeepers, artists, journalists, musicians, and, indeed, many who are at the head of a thriving business or department of trade. And, lastly, there is a great army of mechanics, who have cozy, pretty homes of their own in the little suburban villages where high rents do not force them to unpleasant surroundings and cramped apartments.

From North, and South, and East, and West, these half-and-half New Yorkers pour into the town in the morning, and out of it at night, across some one of the rivers that curve around and about the island city. So, always, the route lies over some ferry or bridge. Across the largest bodies of water that swirl and eddy, and ebb and flow about the great city—the Hudson, New York bay, and the East River—the boats of twenty-four ferries are constantly speeding, puffing, dodging to and fro. While access to this modern Gotham from the north, where the Harlem dimples and darkens under overhanging rocks and forest growth, and shivers blue in the sunshine along the little Dolly Varden Railway, and the Spuyten Duyvel careers tortuously through the verdant Westchester meadows to the Hudson, is gained by means of seven bridges. The royal highway—King's Bridge, the piebald neighbor—Farmer's Bridge, Macomb's Dam, and Harlem Bridge—a ceaseless throngfare, all afford a means of egress and ingress to travelers on foot, or in carriages. The lofty structure of High Bridge, suspended dizzily above the Harlem, offers a fine passage to pedestrians, and a bridge at the union of the

Spuyten Duyvel and the Hudson, and another across the Harlem, reverberates constantly with the ever thundering trains of three great railway routes.

Over that other bridge whose towers stand square and massive against the sky, like sentinels guarding the narrowest bend of the city's eastern boundary-river, we New Yorkers only pass in dreams of our future; though even yet its progress has not been mean, and its building is worthy an entire Sunshine Paper.

The larger portion of this daily travel comes to the city by railway; and it is to the cars we must turn for brief photographic glimpses of some representative journeymen. Here are the men—bankers, brokers, or wealthy merchants—who only live out of town half the year, maintaining good style, at both city and country houses. They come upon the train as if they deemed it ran for their express accommodation; the fact that an accommodation train is never an express is not clear to them at all. From the crown of their beavers to the sole of their boots, their immaculate costume, their demurely-gloved hands, their rigidity of action, looks, and manners, bespeak them the personification of self-conscious importance and aristocratic dignity.

Breezy and exciting are the rollicking students who never find room enough for their pedal extremities; not so much owing to their size as to a trick they seem to have contracted of never tarrying above fifteen seconds in one place. They are always restless, changing from one car to another, shouting through all, leaving open doors, putting up windows at the stations to make remarks to any pretty girls who may be on the platform, slapping their fellow travelers familiarly on the back, and laughing loud and long at the faintest suggestion of jokes.

Then there is the interesting class of portly, pompous men, who always wear the latest importation in English suits, a great deal of fob-chain and pocket, considerable seal ring upon their fair, fat fourth fingers, and the newest thing out in neckties and scarf-pins, with studs and sleeve-buttons of attractive size. They imagine every one should stand aside when they approach, and resent blusteringly any liberties taken with their supposed importance. Smooth their plumage the right way and they are as beaming as gorged alligators.

Of young fellows with their hair combed like the pictures in fashion plates, and mustaches that are the pride of their hearts and the pet of their fingers, there is no end. They wear jaunty hats and wrinkleless gloves, and are clerks on six hundred a year. They have an affected little laugh, and laugh constantly, and are ardent admirers of ladies, and consider themselves perfectly irresistible, and are always supplied with sentimental literature and rosebuds.

The person you mistook for the mummy Mark Twain so graphically described in his *Innocents Abroad* is worth a million dollars; and goes to town daily to superintend his real estate, and consult his lawyers as to the remote possibility of superintending his wealth beyond the extent of his present life; for he has no children, and is greatly concerned by what shall become of his great possessions when he lays himself down in a little two by six piece of his property—more, by the way, than he likes to make use of. But the lawyers do not hold out much comfort to him, while they put in their own pockets considerable.

There are misses on their way to school, dressed as if for a promenade concert, with pockets full of chocolate mien, and thin white faces, and supercilious airs. There are young doctors and lawyers who carry suggestions of quinine and parchment in their satirical tongues and important behavior; and self-possessed, rather self-conscious lady professors; and sallow-faced, dyspeptic-looking journalists, sinecure office-holders, and old bachelors; and—good luck to them! may their number never decrease—a goodly multitude of sunny-tempered, kindly-natured journeymen, who have a smile for every familiar face, a joke for every little annoyance, a helping hand for every fellow-traveler, are never put out by wind or weather or detention; but make the time of travel a veritable jolly, social hour for all about them.

And, indeed, save to those who are familiar with this tear and tumble of daily travel, it is surprising what scores of acquaintances, what pleasant reunions and friendly intercourses are woven through the warp and weft of these morning and evening hours, wherein such crowds of workers travel to and from their half-life in town.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

UNSELFISH CHARACTERS.

It seems to me that there cannot be a more-to-be-envious individual, or one who can be more loveable than a person who is thoroughly and entirely unselfish, one who thinks more of aiding others than he does of himself; one who considers it not the least trouble in the world to help a person in misfortune, to open his heart and his pocket-book at the cry of distress, and that with no hope or prospect of compensation or reward. This specimen of humanity is so rare that it is dearer and more valuable to us when found. I wish we had more. The world would be much better if it were full of them. Scandals would soon die out. Instead of the motto "each for himself" it would be "each for one another." Such a motto as that carried into our daily life and duties, and acted upon, would soon make a change in the programme of our existence, it would brighten up the dark places, it would shed a halo round many a head, it would make a saint out of many a sinner; it would not only make you love others but would cause others to love you, it would make you better and feel better, because while you are helping others you are aiding yourselves.

See the Irish emigrants who come to this country; notice the sums of money they are constantly sending to the loved ones at home. A portion of their first wages is always sent to the "ould folks" to relieve them in their distress, or maybe to help pay their passage to this country. It is done from a purely unselfish motive; it is done from true love and affection for those who have done what they could for them, and if others only did the same I, for one, believe it would have a more humanizing effect upon them.

You mistake me, exceedingly, if you think I am advising you to neglect yourselves entirely in order to aid others, for such a thing is far, very far, from my thoughts. But there are so many who have the means without having the inclination to serve others that it seems as if they ought to be read a lesson. You will do all in your power to secure the comfort of some rich person; you will fawn upon him, put up with his whims and caprices, deprive yourself of many a pleasure and will be praised for your goodness; yet, are you acting from unselfish motives? Isn't there hope in your

mind that you will come in for a handsome round sum when the will is opened and read? Would you do the same for the poor invalid who has neither gold or silver to leave behind him when gone—nay, not even so much as will pay for the plainest coffin? Would you be as unselfish as that? Would any one? Yes, I know of one, but you would pass her by in the street as not worthy of a second glance; you would style her nothing but a "horrid old maid."

Her face may be homely but her heart is more beautiful than any face could be; the marks and wrinkles that line her face are not thought of as she bends over the couch of some sufferer; the poor patient, poor in health as well as in pocket, looks on that face as one would look on the face of an angel. Old! Well, we must all be that if we live; her very age makes her kind and gentle, for she has seen sorrows and troubles enough to crush any woman, yet has survived them all and knows how to feel kindly for others. I grant you that she is an old maid, but that doesn't lower her in my estimation one single atom. She couldn't be any better if she were married, and she need not have led a single life unless she had so desired. She might have had home and wealth and a husband, for all were offered her, but she could not give up the care of an invalid who was dependent upon her. She never grieves at her loss and never murmurs at her fate. The one she has the care of is often cross and irritable, having fits of sulks that are very trying, while there are times when he seems to have lost all feeling of gratitude, but the woman never ceases her care, never swerves from her duty, for she knows the bed of an invalid is not strewn with roses and the poor patient—who is not so very patient after all—must grow weary of lying in bed while others are up and about.

And when the invalid's spirit wings its flight he will leave nothing but his debts to pay. There will be no money left for the "homely old maid"—nothing left but his debts to pay; so you can see what a truly unselfish creature she is. I would there were more like her. Perhaps there are. Perhaps there are many going about doing the Master's work in a quiet, unostentatious way—a way that we all should follow. There may be earthly angels ministering to those in need of their kind and unselfish ministrations.

Why cannot we do the same? Why cannot you and I do good for the pure love of it and not for the sake of a reward? Are we such selfish creatures that we are not willing to do one generous action without the hope to gain some advantage by it? If so, then it is high time you and I turned over a new leaf, and the sooner that new leaf is turned over the better it will be.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolsap Papers.

My Marriage.

I HAVE been hanging around Sarah Jane for a good while, and of late wanted to tell her that I loved her well enough to marry her, but I was afraid she might say she wouldn't do any such thing, and that would have come pretty nearly making it hopeless; so I didn't hurry the matter.

I saw that something must be done at last, or I'd pine away; so I read all the novels I could borrow, to get an insight into the ceremony of popping the question, but found all the heroes were in the habit of throwing themselves down on their knees and pouring forth endless quotations of Shakespeare, and such; and I said I wasn't able for any of that.

One night I sat by her side while she was busily darning socks, when I mustered up courage enough to say, "Sally, do you know where I could get a steady little housekeeper to do my cooking and mend my clothes?"

She said she didn't really know, but mentioned one or two colored women in the neighborhood.

"No, Sally," said I, "what I want is to get married if I can find some girl that will have me; if I can't I won't, and that's all there is of it. Have you any notion of joining this procession of one through life?"

She said she hadn't thought much of it, only a little, and wanted to know when it was to start.

Said I, "Any day you will nominate." She named a day a couple of months ahead. I stuck myself on two or three pins and a darning-needle, but kissed her, and felt as happy as an orphan with four or five parents.

But I had to get the old man's consent. I dreaded to pop the question to him, but it had to be done, so I watched a long time to catch him out alone. At last I met him, and asked, "Have you any objections to getting married, Mr. Swipes?"

"What's that, sir?" said he.

"I mean," I said, "have you any objections to my marrying Sally, or Sally marrying me, or both if necessary?"

The old man surveyed the toe of his right boot. I looked at it, too.

Then he looked up and said, "So you have been making love to our daughter, have you?" This so frightened me that I was obliged to say, "Not a great deal, sir." Then he looked at his boot again, and I did likewise.

"That's a pretty piece of business," he thundered, while I kept my eye on his boot. "If you marry her, young man, you do so without my consent," and he started off.

But I knew the old man was like a good many other fathers, mighty glad to have their girls married off, but would prefer not to show their satisfaction too abruptly, as it were.

When the day began to approach, the matter began to look more serious than at first. I had never been married before, and I felt the importance of my situation; besides the whole neighborhood was expected to be there, and I, too! This last was the most trying of all. I seriously wished I could get married by proxy.

If I had waked up in the heart of Africa that morning I would have been a happy man; and when the guests began to gather there, and the parson with them, I couldn't help thinking it was a funeral, and involuntarily looked out of the window for the hearse.

I never felt so lonesome in all my life. How was I to go in and stand up before all those people, like a culprit receiving his sentence to be hung? I felt like everybody else but myself. I asked Sally if it was too late to postpone it until we were more used to it.

They said the preacher was waiting, and Sally took my arm, and I shook just as much as I wanted to, and asked nobody's consent.

Oh, how my new boots squeaked as we started in! and I forgot how they were pinching my feet. The crowd gave away as we went in, and I came near giving away, too. Gracious, but it was warm! It seemed to me that I wanted a cooling-board.

I didn't keep account of all the people I ran against while we were filing through the crowd, nor of the toes I trod on, nor of the pinches Sally gave me on my arm for my awkward-

ness. Then we brought up before the preacher, and I felt that I would rather be having my picture taken than to be standing there. Oh, yes, I was comfortable! That's no name for it.

The preacher coughed and made me jump, and asked, "Do you take this woman to be your lawful and wedded wife?" I said that was the understanding. Then he asked her if she would take me to be her lawful and wedded husband, and so forth; she said, "Yes," and he told us to join hands. I gave her my left hand, and the preacher tried to change them, and I took hold of his hand in the humor of the moment, without looking.

This bored me till my very hair turned red, and I begged his pardon. Then he read the Declaration of Independence, the Riot Act, the Discipline of the Church, Robinson Crusoe, and I don't know what all, and at last pronounced us man and wife, or perhaps wife and man—I have since been led to think so.

I could almost swear he made us stand up there before all that crowd for two hours and a half—until I was thoroughly tired of getting married. I think I was the most married man that ever started into the business. I think it was his design to seal us so that even the divorce laws would fail to separate.

And then he would kiss the bride, and she actually let him. This made me so mad that I couldn't say a word, or I would have objected then and there, forthwith!

Then the parson said the folks would have a chance to come up and make fun at us, and congratulate us to death, and such a tumbling up and shaking of hands you never saw. I was shaken worse than ever.

It rather made me feel proud to know that there was a woman that belonged to me—although some little disputes have arisen since as to which belonged to the other, and it has never been definitely settled.

If I ever have the glorious privilege—I mean, if I ever have occasion to get married again—I would go through the ceremony with more grace and elegance than I displayed on that occasion.

I shall remember that day as long as I live. I have never had any reason to forget it. I don't think I could if I had. The only little difference between us has been that my wife insists that the word "obey" was left out, and I am slightly under the impression that it must have been!

Yours, marriedly,

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

[The following note was received too late to do any good, as the article was in press.—ED. SAT. JOUR.]

MR. EDITOR:—I send you this by the fast mail train to ask you to withhold that letter on my marriage. My wife got hold of the copy and then she got hold of me, the undersigned. She impressed me with the idea that it must not be printed. There are times when I love to humor her whims; one of those times has come.

W. W.

Topics of the Time.

—It is said that President Lincoln once said to Senator Fessenden: "What is your religion?" "Not much to boast of, but I suppose I am as much a Unitarian as anything." "Oh, a Unitarian," said Lincoln; "I thought you might be an Episcopalian." "Seward is Episcopalian, and I notice you swear about as he does."

—A wag, passing a lively-stable one day, in front of which several very lean horses were tied, stopped suddenly and gazed at them for some time with a countenance indicating the utmost astonishment, and then addressed the owner, who was standing near, and asked him, "If he made horses?" "Made horses?" said the night of the broom and currycomb. "No. Why do you ask such a question?" "Only," replied he, "because I observe you have several frames set up."

—A granger encampment is to be located within ten miles of the Centennial Exposition grounds, and will be arranged for nearly 50,000 people. Indiana, Ohio and Michigan alone propose to have over 30,000 farmers who will patronize this enterprise. This is admirable. A great many who are not grangers will no doubt go for that encampment—particularly if they dispose food and sleep at "prime cost." Any arrangement to keep people from being compelled to stay in Philadelphia at a cost of from three to six dollars a day for mere board.

—Let a bird discover a store of seeds or fruit and he goes and tells of his good fortune, and all the birds in the neighborhood flock to enjoy it. Even a little ant will bring his whole tribe to feast upon a newly-discovered dainty. But let a man discover a mine of gold or any kind of valuable treasure and he will keep it to himself as long as possible, and take the greatest care to conceal it from others. Hence, in this respect, man is not "the superior animal." Even the fowls of the air excel him in unselfishness and consideration for others. Hood says: "Alas for the rarity of Christian charity under the sun, but the poet wrote of men, not of birds."

—Five young American ladies have lately received "honor certificates" from the examiners of the University of Oxford, England. What do our young ladies want of Oxford "honor certificates"? The best honor certificate for them, the SATURDAY JOURNAL thinks, is a certificate of marriage to a live American.

—Ruskin says, in a recent work, that women, if they wish to, could easily put a stop to war; that all war is for their sake, and because they desire it. If somebody would knock Ruskin in the head he would be voted a benefactor for ridding the world of as great a blatherskite as this country has produced. Women are just about as responsible for war as Darwin is responsible for monkeys.

—A child has a right to ask questions and to be fairly answered; not to be snubbed as if he were guilty of an impertinence, nor ignored as though his desire for information were of no consequence, nor misled as if it did not signify whether true or false impressions were made upon his mind. He has a right to be taught everything which he desires to learn, and to be made certain, when asked for information is withheld, that it is only deferred till he is older and better prepared to receive it. Answering a child's question is sowing the seeds of its future character.

—Ladies, prepare for change! Make way for the new bonnet, the "capote," the shadow of which has long been on the way, and the substance of which is now here. A fashion authority says: "This new shape necessitates quite a revolution in the manner of arranging the hair. There is a little hesitation on the part of modistes, who do not want to change the fashion too abruptly, but it may fairly be stated that the bold style is on the decline, the upturned, flaring brims, fastened up on one side, and the feathers and large cockades, are all approaching their end! Though the capote is a very modest shape, very few persons have as yet ventured to adopt it, many having found it too eccentric. It has as yet only been made of satin, velours, éponge, or plush in the lightest colors, such as blue, white and pink, with handsome bands of écaré lace. The general effect is very elegant. The capote, to be stylish, must have a large, soft crown, which forms the cape by means of a shirring. The brim is entirely shirred. The lining is very conspicuous, both front and back, and must, therefore, be in perfect harmony with the remainder of the bonnet." All of which must be a very interesting topic to those ladies who have put a small fortune in the cocked hat and feather.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unusable MSS. promptly returned—where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our rules must be put upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy" third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note also paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its full or page number.—A rejection by an editor implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unsuitable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We must decline "The Fraction of a Man," "Canebrake Sam," "A Charge on an Ambulance," "Elephant Ranges," "The Texan Duel," "Who Killed the Man," "The Moonless Night," "A Call from the Sphinx," "The Squire," "The Squire," "The Deuce to Pay," "Forgiveness," "The Heart-thrust," "The Blush Her Answer Gave."

Accepted: "To One in Heaven," "Sunshine and Shadow," "Child and Man," "Autumn Song," "Song for May," "The Lover and the Rose," "Stopping on the Way," "A Party by Mistake," "When She Will, She Will," "Major Dotschliker," "Fennec Under Difficulties."

W. H. M. We can supply the numbers asked for. D. J. M. Your poem appeared in another paper. We send you copy.

ASA R. E. The Specimen System of Copybooks will greatly help you. R. C. L. Obtain the novels singly, as now published, and have them bound in any style you prefer. We only have them as separate volumes or numbers.

A. H. H. JR. It is the purest humbug to pretend to show you your future wife.—A day does not expire with sunset, but at midnight, and begins at midnight.—We have matter by the author named.

JACK R. Mayne Reid now resides in London. So does Percy B. St. John. He is not a brother of Warren St. John, thanks for your good wishes. If every friend of the JOURNAL would send us all their friends read it we would soon have the army of readers you name.

17th, Provident. Nothing more encourages the growth of hair than the early use of soap and skin. A valuable excitant to growth is the following simple preparation: Seald two ounces of black tea with one gallon of boiling water; strain and add three ounces of glycerine, half an ounce of tincture of cantharides, and one quart of bay rum. Mix well by shaking, and then perfume to taste. Use freely as a wash every night before retiring.

PAPERMAN, N. Y. City. We resumed land in Tennessee, with taxes unpaid for seventeen years, was long since sold for taxes, unless, indeed, as may be the case, the tract is one that nobody wants. To know just what is its condition, write to clerk of the county court of Scott county. Vast bodies of land in East Tennessee can to-day be bought for fifty cents per acre.

THOMAS E. writes: "You state that Capt. Mayne Reid is an Englishman. I had an impression that he was my fellow-countryman—an Irishman." And your impression is correct. We were in error in calling our author an Englishman. He is an Irishman, a son of a prominent North of Ireland family, his father being a minister.

G. T. (L. O.) inquires: "Will you settle a disputed question by telling me the exact difference in the area of Philadelphia and New York? The area of the city of New York is twenty-two square miles, and the area of Philadelphia is one hundred square miles; and yet New York is far the most populous city."

DUNQUE. It is hard to determine what character you can best represent. Take none that you cannot well personate—Yankee, Irish lad, Dutch boy, New Yorker, Bootblack, Peas-blower, English Snob, Dapper Frenchman, Sailor, Indian, Negro, etc. It is sometimes a happy thought for boys to appear in costume. If you are a girl, for instance, Costumes for almost every imaginable character are supplied (rented) at the costumers in all leading cities.

Mrs. M. O. H., Morristown, N. J., asks: "If a married lady wishes to attend a social invitation to a party, or wishes to attend a concert or lecture, while her husband is away upon a journey, is she not quite correct in asking some gentleman friend to act as her escort?" "Certainly," we reply, "and the favor, however, of some very intimate friend of her husband's, and if possible select either a very youthful or very elderly escort."

CLARENCE M., Yonkers, writes: "A very interesting young lady was visiting, some months ago, a neighbor of ours. Ever since I have been hoping for some chance of renewing the acquaintance, but none has been presented. I would like to ask if the lady she was visiting, who is a great friend of my own, for the young lady's address and seek a correspondence?" "Perhaps, if you do not mind, how much you desire to meet her visitor again, she will invite the lady to come and stay with her, and afford you a chance of improving your acquaintance. We would not advise you to seek a correspondence. On a short acquaintance it would savor of impertinence that most young ladies would resent."

ROSALIE says: "I have a sister just fifteen years old who often writes me the most interesting letters. Two brothers; but she has never spoken to them until New Year, when they called on a lady who was receiving with us, and she was introduced. Now she wishes to know if you could do anything to make it quite proper for her to invite them to a party." It will be quite proper for her to send a mere formal invitation, but she should avoid making any show of her preference and desire to cultivate their society.

JENNIE F. M., Montana, says: "I have two gentlemen friends who pay me constant attentions; one to see me on one side of the matter, and the other to see me on the other. They are both very entertaining, that is held around here, and frequently come to escort me to church Sundays; but they always come together. One shows me precisely as much attention as the other; and though they have been waiting on me for six months I am not sure which one cares the most for me. What do you think of the matter, and if you decide which gentleman is my lover?" Probably neither. They like your society and seek it together in a perfectly friendly way. But, perhaps, were you to show any preference, they would for one gentleman you would awaken individual feeling, and one or the other would suddenly develop the ardor of a suitor. But if you have reason to believe that while both like you, neither will only enjoy it together that neither may place himself in the position of a lover and be under the necessity of declaring his intentions, and that you commence to decline their attentions, that they, by a monopoly of your society, may not prevent your being sought by more unselfish gentlemen.

THREE MISSES. It is very fashionable, at present, to have the waist of the material cut down in the back. Some only simulate such a fastening, with buttons and cords, but the prettier method is the *bona fide* one. The waists are buttoned, or finished with double row of eyelet holes, and lace across with silk cord. Fabrics of black, or dark cloth shades, are the style for all street and promenade costumes.

HAL. HERRING. No style of tie is so genteel as black, or the dark browns, prunes, blues and purples, now so much in vogue for ladies' dress goods. White ties, a narrow fold of lawn, plain or embroidered upon the end, are the ones required on dressy occasions.

"JENNIE JUSTICE" complains: "I have a cousin, who often visits in our family, who, though on the best of terms with my aunt, annoys me by her dislike and contempt for my husband. He is not very obsequious of the caprices of etiquette, nor at all thoughtful concerning his dress and manners; but he is kind-hearted, good company, and really far superior to her in education and intelligence, though she always acts as though she despised him and could not endure his company. He thinks her 'silly,' and affectedly precise and formal. How can I ever reconcile them to each other?" Probably your cousin has been bred to consider and practice all the nice little ceremonies of the matter, and of personal elegance, and her refined taste is outraged and offended by a great lack of what she considers the essential exponents of good-breeding in your husband. They are fashions, and being generally preferred to a wrapper by gentlemen, as they are more becoming, and many think more comfortable.

FRANK R. DYER, Ill., writes to inquire what a "smoking jacket" is, and if they are fashionable! A smoking jacket is a short loose jacket made of cashmere, merino or delaine, faced with quilted silk with fancy buttons, and wadded like the gentleman's dressing-gown. They are fashions, and being generally preferred to a wrapper by gentlemen, as they are more becoming, and many think more comfortable.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

A SCOTTISH FANCY.

BY EREN E. HENFORD.

There's a quaint old Scottish fancy
That I read not long ago,
In a book of legends olden,
And it must be true, I know,
As I think, are many fancies
Old and strange, very sweet,
That we count as fancies only,
Or a poet's quaint conceit.

When a soul is going heavenward,
As it lingers, loth to go,
Then the ear grows deaf to discord
That has jarred upon it so.
And the dying heart the music
Which is made by wind and stream,
Mingling with celestial voices,
And to die is like a dream.

Then so runs the olden legend,
When the last of earth is come,
And the ear to earthly tumults
Has forevermore grown dumb,
Dying ones they hear not gently
Where among the flowers and grass
Summer winds are singing softly,
Like a friar chanting mass.

Then they hear the brook's low music,
And the voices of the trees,
And the whispers of the flowers,
And the murmurs of the breeze,
And the voices of the angels
Blend with these, until it seems
That they sleep the dying senses
In the Lotus-wine of dreams.

Is it not a pleasant fancy
When the end is drawing near,
And the love of those who'll miss me
Cannot longer keep me here?
Bear me out among the voices
I have known and loved so well,
And the faded pain of dying
Shall be banished by their spell.

Vials of Wrath:

THE GRAVE BETWEEN THEM.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL.

AUTHOR OF "TWO GIRLS' LIVES," "LOVE-BLIND," "OATH-BOUND," "BARBARA'S FATE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE DOUBLE DECEIVER.

ALTHOUGH, as has before been stated, Frank Havelstock had fully made up his mind to offer himself to Ida Wynne when the moment came in which he should find himself in the right humor; and while he had every reason to suppose that the girl whom he intended honoring with the name Theodore Lexington would give him, with the big smile of Tanglewood, still, there were moments when he actually wondered if there was a possibility of Ida's failing him. If she should, through any girlish freak, reject him—the very thought made Havelstock's eyes blaze with wrath, as he looked across the table at her, after Mrs. Lexington had taken her rather abrupt departure, prior to sending her note of warning to Vinc.

Ida was looking well that night—unusually well, in her white alpaca dress, with its vivid scarlet sash and the scarlet ivy berries in her glossy brown hair; a costume that seemed particularly appropriate for the cool October evening that had already drawn its dusk over the outside world.

She was pretty, stylish, graceful—and the means of great good luck to him; and yet, as he watched her fair, insipid face, so unlike Ethel Mary's, in all the fire of pride, and intelligence, and sweetness, he was conscious of a strange homesickness somewhere about his heart, that made him angry at himself for the weakness.

"A precious fool I am to suffer my thoughts to run on after a pretty face—even if it is the face of the only woman on earth who ever really touched my heart—and women always idolize me."

He could not banish the vivid memories that came rushing over him with a suddenness of force that surprised him. He could not shut out the picture of Ethel's beauty; the memory of her perfect trust in him, her wild worship of him, the grand, womanly purity and nobleness of her nature; and as he remembered it all—the blissful days when he and his bride had been all the world to each other—as he watched the face opposite him, that would so soon be invested with the right to remain opposite his as long as they both lived—he felt a deathly faintness seize him—a positive physical agony, caused by the brief yearning of his soul for what he had put forever from his hands.

Ida was busy with her ice-cream, and did not look up, else she would have seen a haggard face, on which stood beads of cold sweat; and Havelstock glared on her bowed head, almost diabolically.

"I believe I fairly loathe her! I believe I worship my bright-eyed Ethel this moment more madly than I ever did before! And yet—what a disgusting burlesque it all is!"

The mood did not last long—Ida dispelled it by laying down her spoon and napkin, and speaking to him, as she arose:

"Were you waiting for me to go? Or—may I pour you wine for you?"

She said it half timidly, in the fullness of her affection for him.

He could barely restrain an expression of hatred that sprung to his lips.

"Thank you—but I shall take no wine to-night. Will you go to the drawing-room?"

He gave her his arm, and she accepted it, little knowing the raging tumult within his breast, or the cold-blooded, heartless vow he registered to secure her plighted troth that hour, and have done with romancing.

But, he was not done with "romancing," if by that he meant the clashing thoughts, the divided wishes that swayed to and fro in his heart like angry billows driven by the lash of the winds. He could not help thinking; he was utterly powerless before the temporary rebellion of his thoughts.

"It is a desperate game—it has been so from the moment when I instructed Vincy to carry Ethel the news of my accidental death by drowning. If I marry Ida Wynne, I run a terrible risk. If ever my marriage with Ethel Mary is discovered, there will be no alternative but twenty years at Sing Sing. Dare I take the chances?"

He was absently turning the leaves of some new music on the piano rack, that Ida was playing, carelessly. His face was pale, careworn, and his eyes full of anxious fear. He suddenly left the piano, followed by Ida's wondering eyes; he stepped through the French window, into the cool October night, that came refreshingly to his burning temples.

He took several turns up and down the marble-floored porch, with quick, hurrying footsteps, as if pursued by some unseen, avenging foe.

"It is impossible! there is no danger of my being found out—no possible danger. I shall lose my identity as Ethel's husband by assuming the name of Lexington, and to make assurance doubly sure, I shall drop my Chris-

tian name, and use my middle name—one that Ethel never heard of. As plain 'John Lexington,' who would ever dream of seeing Frank Havelstock, particularly when not one of my dear five hundred friends ever for a moment associated me with the unfortunate fellow whose death they may have casually glanced over in their papers at their breakfast-tables? Found out! There is not a chance in a thousand! what odd spell of nervousness could have wrought upon me?"

He smiled now, triumphantly, his haggardness disappearing by magic, his black eyes all aglow again with exultation.

"I'll go in again to Miss Wynne, and make her the offer she will be so delighted to receive; and then a speedy marriage and a long tour in Europe. Hello! what's up now?"

He added the astonished question suddenly, as he turned for a final promenade up the porch, before re-entering.

Hastening from the back entrance through the grounds, he recognized Philo, the son of Mrs. Lexington's waiting-maid—a bright little fellow he had often employed himself to run of errands. He distinctly saw the envelope in the boy's hand, and he knew as well as if he had read it, that it was for Carleton Vincy. A sinister smile was in his eyes, as he watched the rapid footsteps of the boy; then, he suddenly turned from the drawing-room window, at which he had purposed to enter, and passed quickly up the staircase, to the front room of Lexington's suite.

He entered without announcing himself, and found Lexington pacing the floor, white and haggard, as he had done since he left Georgia's presence, an hour before.

He paused abruptly as Havelstock came in, with his face full of pity, and his manner that of a man who performs, perforce, a disagreeable duty.

"Look out the end window, Lexington. Do you see? Forgive me, I beg, but it is not my duty, as your nearest, truest friend, to put you on your guard, even at risk of my displeasure!"

He locked his arm affectionately in Lexington's, and stood with him, while they both looked after the still distinguishable figure of Georgia's messenger. Lexington turned his blazing eyes on Havelstock.

"Is it Philo? He conveys a message to Mrs. Lexington's lover?"

His voice was husky as he spoke, and Havelstock distinctly heard the heavy, rapid strokes of his heart.

"It is Philo, I fear. He has a letter—I saw it plainly; but do not judge Georgia too harshly, I beg. Remember, there is the possibility of a mistake; remember, if the boy is Philo, without a doubt, and even if he does carry a letter, it may be to Georgia's seamstress, or to the druggist."

Lexington laid his hand on Havelstock's shoulder.

"You are so charitable, Frank, so ready to look on the bright side of everything, and so anxious to bridge this chasm between me and the woman who has disgraced me. You are the truest friend man ever had, and may God reward you as you served me."

Havelstock felt a silent contempt for his victim—the grand, noble heart whose fountain of nature he was poisoning so foully. But he experienced no thrill of awe or fear at Lexington's invocation on his head.

"However—peace-making will not avail now, Frank," he went on, bitterly. "I have every reason to know that Georgia is a guilty, depraved—"

Havelstock interrupted him vehemently.

"I can't listen to that—I never will believe it of Georgia. She may be imprudent—in deepest pain and pity I am obliged to think she is—but the sinful woman you make her out—never, never! Yet—that letter to-night—Lexington, for Heaven's sake don't ask me a question ever again on this subject."

His countenance wore a look of indignation, yet sorrowful compassion, and Lexington thought what a nobleman he was—what a friend he was to even poor, poor Georgia.

"Was I harsh, Lexington?" he asked, after a second's pause, gently. "I did not mean to be, you must know. I was thinking how strangely the facts in the case conflict. You must not forget, Lexington, before you pass judgment, that Georgia has been very lonely at Tanglewood, all the past year; that she is as beautiful as a painter's dream ideal, and that it is not the most unnatural result in the world that her lover should worship her madly, that—"

Lexington was falling headlong into the trap so warily set for him. His rage and jealousy were all at once again, just as Havelstock intended they should be, while no blame attached to himself.

Now, Lexington interrupted him with a hoarse cry.

"Worship her—you think he worships her! Frank, I'd give a thousand dollars this minute for her lover's name—whose picture I saw her kissing so passionately an hour ago! By all that's sacred, his life wouldn't be worth that in my hands."

He snapped in two a match, as he spoke.

"How could he help it—whoever it is whom Georgia favors—if she favors any one! Lexington, prove what I have said to be true! prove your wife's innocence, by watching this once and finding that she does not meet her lover, having none to meet."

Havelstock was all earnest emotion as he rose to rejoin Ida, and Lexington clasped his hand warmly.

"Your kind advice is opportune—as it always is. I will give her a last chance—and you will be the happiest man in the world if your noble vindication is true."

"You are right; nothing will give me as much pleasure as to know this awful chasm bridged—and that my feeble efforts aided."

Havelstock smiled pityingly, yet cheerfully, and went back to Ida, with a thoughtful gravity on his face that effectually deterred her from joking him on his dereliction in deserting her.

"I have been out of doors, listening to your sweet music, and making up my mind how to tell you something I want you to know. Take my arm, Ida, and let us walk up and down the room. Did you miss me the few minutes I was gone?"

Her flushed face was turned slightly away, but he felt her frame tremble beside him.

"A few minutes only, was it? It seemed much longer to me."

He pressed her arm with his, as she said that.

"Then you must care for my society, Ida! Surely you would not find time hang on your hands in my absence if you did not care a little for me. Do you?"

He was not at all ardent; there was nothing eager in his voice, but Ida's heart was leaping exultantly, and her voice quivered with genuine happiness as she answered, lowly:

"I do care for your society, Mr. Havelstock. I think most women would."

A smile of complacency gleamed a moment in his eyes; he fully agreed with her, and

thought, at the same time, what a flat, stale love-making this was. But he was in for it, and he went on, very creditably.

"I don't care for such a confession—you know I don't. I want you to look at me and say, 'Frank, I love you,' because, Ida, I love you dearly, and want you to promise to be my little wife soon—very soon."

Ida paused in a silent ecstasy of delight; then raised her pleased, blushing face.

"I do love you, Frank. I never cared for any one before; did you?"

"Never, my darling. You are the only woman I ever saw to whom I was in the least attracted. Kiss me, Ida—a sign and seal of our betrothal."

Her lips met his freely, fully, and as an exquisite magnetic thrill quivered over Ida from head to foot at that first, sweet caress, Frank Havelstock experienced a feeling of shrinking coldness, as he remembered the kisses of Ethel Mary, warm, clinging, soulful, as she nestled to him, and looked all her passionate love out of her dusky eyes.

So his new life began—fair enough to see, promising enough in the bud; but oh! the fruit that was to turn to gall on his lip!

CHAPTER XXXI.

A BLOW IN THE FACE.

A SINGLE step after Georgia crossed the threshold of the kiosk, brought her face to face with Carleton Vincy, who emerged from the shadows and confronted her in sullen, wrathful silence.

His slouched hat was jammed over his forehead in attempt at disguise, if by chance any one should see him, by whom he did not care to be recognized.

His eyes were full of decisive mercilessness, as they gleamed redly as they looked on Georgia's graceful figure, clad in the dark-blue cloak; as they took in every detail of her pure, fair, worried face, with its somber, pitiful eyes of dusk, its glorious hair, that seemed eddies of the shapely head and intellectual temples, from which Georgia had pushed back the hood of her water-proof.

"I thought it was best to come—for Lexington's sake as well as my own. I have brought you money—a great deal, to buy my peace by your absence."

His eyes lighted greedily.

"Money—eh? a couple of hundred dollars, maybe? You're a sensible woman, Georgia, but I'm not to be caught by such small bait as that. Money! did you ever know a fellow to refuse to close with a bargain if he was well paid for doing it?"

Georgia shrunk a step further back, as Vincy approached a step nearer; his brandy-flavored breath warming her face as he hurriedly respired.

"Will you swear to go away from Tanglewood and never be seen in its vicinity again? Will you swear to make no future attempt to see me, or my husband, so long as you live? For God's sake—swear it, Carleton Vincy."

She spoke in an intensely passionate way that lent new beauty to her eloquent face. Vincy watched the play of her perfect features, with a sinister, tigerish delight on his own countenance; then, after a moment of apparent deepest consideration, he answered:

"I will swear to all you have said—for a thousand dollars, cash down. Does that suit you? If my demand seems large, remember you have plenty of money wherewith to buy your caprices, while I am a poor devil who lives on my wits."

Georgia assented calmly, with a thrill of thankfulness that she had that exact amount in her pocket; although, had Vincy demanded more as the price of her safety, she would have stripped off her watch, her chain, her diamonds that hung like prisoned suns in ice, from her dainty ears, and glittered at his throat. Her hand trembled as she laid the two rolls of bills on the table beside her, and pushed them silently across to him.

He took them with a low, satisfactory laugh, and thrust them in his pocket.

"You always were truthful, Georgia, so that I need not count these notes to see if there are the thousand dollars you say there are."

She drew up her hand over her hair hurriedly.

"Remember I have your sworn word that I am never to be molested again—I, or my family; so that this is a final farewell."

She turned hastily to leave the kiosk, but he had been expecting such a move, and very effectually prevented her egress by stepping exactly in the doorway.

"Don't be in a hurry, Georgia. You must think I am a stock or a stone to let you go with only this brief business interview to remember you by. Suppose you sit down, and give me a little insight into your life."

He motioned toward the ornate bronze settee opposite the door, with a smile that curled her blood.

"I cannot remain a moment longer. They will miss me at the house, and then—"

He interrupted her promptly.

"And then, my fortunate successor would hurl all the vials of his wrath on your pretty head. He would vent all his rage and jealousy at you until your life would be a worse horror than it is now. He would hate you ten thousand times more than he does now if he learned that his supposed rival was your first divorced husband."

Georgia listened in dumb surprise at his information.

"He is all fire and intensity—isn't he—this handsome Apollo of yours? He never quite forgave you for palming yourself off as an honorable widow when you were really a divorced woman; and you never quite forgave him for tearing my child from your arms and letting it die the awful death it must have suffered by neglect and starvation."

Georgia's face whitened with mortal anguish and she clasped her hands in imploring prayer.

"Oh, don't! don't! My baby has been an angel for years and years while I have been enduring such terrible pangs—let her memory rest. I loved her, if she was your child."

The contempt that was inferred more plainly than expressed in her words, galled him to the very core.

"And I love you, if you are what you say you are, and the man's wife. Do you hear that, my proud beauty? Can you reconcile this confession with the curses I hurled on you when I saw you last? Can you appreciate the paradox, that, though we are sworn foes to each other, I am more madly in love with you than ever I was before?"

Georgia stood motionless, as if turned suddenly to stone; but her brain seemed whirling with a horrible fear as she looked, listened, dumbly.

"I cannot forget that your proud head has lain on my breast, that my lips have kissed yours often. I cannot forget, nor can you, that I am the father of your first-born, only child; and by the memories of all these truths, I swear to you that I love you. Let me kiss you again, Georgia! let me take you

in my arms and feel that heart I won, in early days, throbbing against my own."

He stepped to her side, his eyes full of his wicked passion, his breath coming in quick, irregular inspirations. He threw his arm around her waist, and with the other essayed to raise her face to his own.

Georgia's momentary petrefaction was gone now. Every muscle in her body steeled in just wrath, and she struggled with a strength that surprised even Vincy.

"How dare you—how dare you, you villainous wretch! Take your arms from off me, or you shall suffer as you never suffered before for this vile insult to the wife of Theodore Lexington!"

She wrenched one hand from his, and struck him in the face—a ringing, stinging blow that made every nerve in his body tingle with rage, even as the flesh on his cheek smarted with the sudden infliction.

"By the gods, what a little tiger she is! A beautiful cat, with claws that know how to scratch, for all the sheaths of velvet under which they are hidden. No woman ever struck me before, my beautiful Georgia, and I shall take revenge in my own way."

He suddenly let go her waist and caught her wrists in his cruel, vise-like grip, so that she was powerless to attack him, or resent his insults. For a moment he looked down in her eyes—her pure, indignant eyes that flashed like a sword-blade in the sun; he laughed in a low, triumphant, mocking way, and then stooped his head and kissed her again and again, on her quivering lips, her scarlet cheeks; on her forehead—quick, fierce kisses that made her whole frame throb with mortified anger.

Then he deliberately released her, and looked after her as she fled like a frightened fawn through the sterile gloom.

"I am not so sure I shall keep my word with my tiger beauty; in fact, I am very sure I shall not. What a fascinating creature she is, and how I humbled her fiery soul to the very dust! How I worship her—despite that blow that was not her fault that it was not my death; she would have murdered me, I verily believe! No, my naughty Georgia, the excitement of the chase has just begun; and if between the fire of my love and persecution, and your liege lord's distrust and jealousy, and your own unrequited affection, you don't get burned—why, it will be singular."

He thrust his hands in his pockets, and felt the money that he had temporarily forgotten.

"A good night's work! and I am mistaken if others as successful do not follow. I have struck a gold mine, I verily believe, and Georgia shall pay dearly for her secret, or I am mistaken."

He slouched his hat lower over his gleaming, basilisk eyes, and slunk quietly out of the kiosk, just at the moment when Georgia, pale with excitement and agitation, her eyes smoldering like living coals, gained the smile-covered door of the unfrequented stairway.

She paused a second, breathless from her flight, before she parted the luxuriant vines. Then she stepped through—to meet her husband, face to face!

He stood in the very doorway, as if in grim patience awaiting her return. His face was white with wrath, and in his eyes that seemed to pierce her through and through was something that looked like a little gasping cry of horror.

Georgia gave a little gasping cry of horror. Were the Fates forever against her? Then she leaned against the trellis, heavily, in mute, trembling expectation.

"Well, may I inquire what this means?"

Lexington's voice was hoarse with a rage he could barely restrain.

There was nothing but utter soul-weariness in Georgia's face as she looked at him; only a hunted, despairing expression, that would have touched him had he not been blinded with the jealous rage that fairly shook his frame.

"I will tell you, Theodore, only you will not believe me. Will you hear me?"

Her face was exquisite in its pleading pathos; her eyes liquid with melting sorrow in her heart.

A sound like a hiss burst sharply from Lexington's lips.

"Hear what! a woman's defense to hide the lover she meets by stealth! the false denial you would make in endeavoring to further hoodwink me, regardless of the awful perjuries you must utter! What, listen to words of falsehood, that your very act, your very position this moment gives the lie to before they are spoken?"

His tone had settled in one of stern, implacable coldness, and Georgia saw that he was deadly haggard. If she could only keep the knowledge of Vincy's life from him just this once, such a contretemps would never occur again; for Vincy was going; he had sworn it. Why—why could there not be peace, reconciliation? Her whole heart, and soul, and nature arose in one last, desperate attempt.

"You wrong me awfully, Theodore—most awfully; and even in face of what you choose to construe into indisputable evidence of guilt, I swear before high Heaven that I am innocent; that you have wronged me most terribly. Now do you believe?"

She raised her beautiful hand in solemn oath; her beseeching eyes eloquent with truth. His lips curled.

"I do not. I have seen too much. I have seen you kissing his picture; I saw you read his letter; I watched your messenger take your love epistle; I meet you on your way home from your secret interview—and you dare ask me to believe you an innocent, wronged woman!"

His tone rung clear and intense; and Georgia's face convulsed with pain. How could she answer, save by confessing the awful truth.

He watched the woe on her face, almost exulting in it.

"You have nothing to say? I have proved you false—false to the core. I know you are not fit to sit at the table with my servants; I know you are at this moment rejoicing over your good luck in hiding your lover from my vengeance; yet, knowing all, despising you as I do, distrusting you as I do—do you know, fair, false woman, that I worship you—madly, hopelessly!"

In his strange words was a frightful passion of emphasis; he stood, with folded arms, looking into her glowing eyes, his own gloomy, eager.

A low, ecstatic cry arose to her lips, as they parted in a smile so sweet that his very blood boiled at sight of it—the first smile he had seen on her face for years.

She crossed the narrow distance between them and laid her quivering fingers on his sleeve, a slow carnation glowing in her cheeks, a perfect radiance in her eyes.

"Oh, Theodore! say those blessed words again, and I will kiss your very feet in rapturous thanksgiving. You love me! You do love me!"

She repeated the words caressingly, in tones

of ravishing tenderness, from the overflowing ecstasy of a heart that fondly believed the time had come at last.

Lexington only smiled incredulously, then there came into his gloomy eyes such a flood of hard, bitter scorn, that she felt dizzy and faint.

"You cannot succeed in that charming way. I said I loved you—madly, hopelessly. My unfortunate affection is hopeless, for think you I would allow myself to be deceived? Hopeless, since it never shall be lavished on me beyond the thoughts that sometimes madden me."

Georgia clasped her hands over her heart, as if in a spasm of breathlessness; then, when the brief agony had passed, she passed him, without a word, and went slowly, wearily to her room.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 298.)

JACK RABBIT,

The Prairie Short:

OR,

THE WOLF-CHILDREN OF THE LLANO ESTACADO.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "OLD BULL'S-EYE," "YELLOW-STONE JACK," "PACIFIC PETE," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

THE COMANCHE'S PLEDGE.

FOR the third time those two men boldly confronted the enraged Pawnees, quietly defying their worst. And for the third time the yelling, bloodthirsty horde was checked, even as their weapons quivered in the air, gathering force for the avenging blow.

A sharp cry was heard, even above the wild clamor, and a milk-white mustang glided through the crowd of excited braves, seeming to float rather than run, with its smooth, even racing. Wheeling, it paused before the three men, its rider confronting the astonished Pawnees with bent bow and threatening arrow.

Despite his natural though quiet excitement, a little cry broke from Jack's lips, for, in this unexpected ally, he recognized the being a mere glimpse of whom had been sufficient to send the hot blood coursing through his veins only a few hours before; the maiden so sharply chidden by the Mad Chief.

"Back! the first brave who dares come within two spear-lengths, until I give him leave, dies the death of a wolf! Back, I say! Are the Pawnees dogs and children of dogs that they should drink the blood of men whom they have called friends and brethren, with whom they have eaten, drank and smoked the peace-pipe? The spirit of evil is breathing upon your eyes, making you see the wicked thoughts that fill his own heart—it is his will you are working, not that of men and warriors."

The words in themselves were nothing extraordinary, but the delivery, the impassioned gestures and attitude of the young woman made ample amends. The foremost Pawnees shrunk back, their furious rage quelled, their eyes seeking the ground in speechless confusion.

Jack Rabbit gazed upon her with strangely mixed feelings. For the moment he forgot all else, remembered nothing of the death that had seemed so near, saw only that peerless face and figure.

Could a sculptor have modeled that picture—the mustang, quivering upon its haunches, its tail sweeping the sands, its red nostrils pressed close down to its breast by the taut rein; the lithe, graceful figure of the maiden, so full of passionate life—his fortune would have been assured.

Her figure, rounded, just full enough to escape the charge of voluptuousness, not above the average height of woman, admirably revealed by the close-fitting garb of fawn skin, and fine scarlet cloth. Her hair, a deep blue-black, hung in a loose manner over her shoulders, confined only by a narrow band, which also supported several plumes plucked from the grulla.

Printed words can scarcely give a just idea of even a commonplace face, and it would be rank folly for me to make the attempt in this case. Enough that, while not being too regular, the face of Mini Lusa—"Running Water"—was that of a very beautiful woman. Though her soft, olive-tinted skin bore faint traces of the sun's warmth, an eye less keen than that of the young plainman could have told that the Indian blood ran faintly, if at all, in her veins.

As the last words dropped from her lips, cold and cutting, Mini Lusa raised a small wand or staff, and shook it in the air. The hollow hoofs of antelopes, the tails of rattlesnakes and little strings of shells emitted a curious sound as the staff, gayly bedecked with painted feathers and stained quills, flashed to and fro.

As though under a spell, the Pawnee braves fell back, their heads bowed, their eyes seeking the ground. Only the Mad Chief kept his place, an angry glow in his eyes.

"She carries big medicine," spoke the fingers of the mute borderer. "Lucky we are not both old and ugly."

Jack Rabbit did not reply, but his bronzed cheek grew a shade darker, and the light that filled his eyes was not of anger.

"The Prophetess of the Wolf-Children has spoken the words of wisdom, whispered in her ear by the Great Spirit

net help a little quiver of repugnance as he clasped the cold, moist hand. But the chief seemed satisfied as he rode away toward the encampment.

Through all this Keoxa remained quietly seated upon his horse, his dark eyes reading every change of the young man's face. When the chief retired, he spoke:

"The tongue is soft, but the heart is blacker than the painted face. He will strike from the grass without warning. Let White Lightning watch where he steps, and sleep with his eyes open."

"Others have teeth as well as he, and know how to use them, too. But let that pass. My brother heard what he said—that you were my captive, to deal with as I please. But he was wrong, for you are free and your own master. The trail is open for you, only—let the trail be a long one between this and night. The wolves are swift-footed and thirst for the blood of a warrior."

"The trail shall be a broad one if they choose to follow. Keoxa is young, and there is room for more scalps on his lodge-pole," was the quiet reply. "My brother, hearken. You have heard of Quanblli, the Great Eagle of the Comanches; when he takes the war-path, his braves are like the sands of the desert. The Eagle has only one child, Keoxa, who will be the head of the Snake Children when the great chief dies. Then, as now, Keoxa will have two brothers, White Lightning and Silent Tongue. His life belongs to me, as well as the lives of every Comanche. They have only to speak and their wishes shall be made good. See—the Wolf-Children have left me little but my skin; at the same time removing his girdle and cutting it in halves. 'This will do until we meet again. Bear this with you wherever you go. Show it to any of my tribe and they will give you their lives without a question.'"

"My brother sets too high a value on what we have done," replied Jack Rabbit, after a brief pause. "We set you free, that is true, but it was for our own good alone. We did not know you then, else it would have been different. We only saw in you one who might be able to serve us, not a friend and brother. The words seem hard and cold now, but they are true to our thoughts then. For years we had fought the Comanches, and never expected to find a dear brother among them."

"Listen. We have dear friends among our people, in that respect. You see the trap set around them. The wolves speak soft, but I can see that they are sharpening their teeth for a feast of blood. I have sworn to save my people or die with them, yet my heart was heavy, for I could see little hope. Then my eyes saw my brother—you. I said: life is sweet to the young. One who fought so well should not be left to die beneath the fowl claws of the Wolf-Children. I said: I will set him free and then ask a favor of him. You are free—this is the favor."

"The Mad Chief and his wolves are your enemies; Comanche blood stains this land. Wash out this stain with the muddy water that flows in their own veins. Ride swiftly to your people, call upon your braves, bid them prepare for a long, hard ride, tell them that your brother is looking anxiously for their coming. This is what I ask of Keoxa."

"If the duty was harder, Keoxa would be more glad, but he promises. Listen, brother. It is two days' and nights' hard ride to your people. When the sun goes by four times, you will hear the war-cry of the Snake Children." The conversation was prolonged for some minutes longer, during which signals and other minor items were arranged, besides the young chief explaining the cause of his being found in such a humble position under the renegeade. It seemed that true love can find its way into the skin lodges of the desert inhabitants as well as the haunts of civilization. Keoxa loved and proved successful in his wooing, but on the third night after the soft-eyed Snake child came to his lodge, he held a corpse in his arms. His heart crushed with grief, Keoxa wandered away into the desert, and falling in with the renegeade, eagerly joined his marauding party as a simple brave.

The new-made friends parted, the young chief riding swiftly away over the desert, the comrades returning to the "trap." They found the buffalo-hunters cheerful and unsuspecting, busily engaged in repairing their wagons and harness after the long, hard desert journey. As agreed upon, the friends did not say anything to alarm the traders.

The chief was consoling Don Raymon and his wife, whose anxiety for the safety of their children increased with every hour of their absence. He declared that his braves would speedily return with the lost ones. Raymon half decided to set forth himself, but was finally dissuaded. Perhaps he would have been more obstinate had he not discovered that at least one sincere friend was upon the trail, and had been for hours, though his absence had not been suspected until that morning. Who this friend was, the reader shall soon learn.

Pondering over the complicated situation in which he found himself, Jack Rabbit lay upon the grass in the shade of a towering mass of rock. Not only was his own life in danger, but, if the vague words of Tony Chew were to be believed, so were those of others who should be very dear to him. And while racking his brain to solve the enigma, a light footfall caught his attention. Glancing up, he saw Mini Lusa, a finger pressed upon her red-ripe lips, standing beside him.

That Jack was no coward, many a wild and daring deed bore ample evidence, yet in that moment, while those glorious eyes were beaming down upon him, he colored and trembled like the veriest schoolboy detected in mischief by the stern eye of his teacher.

"Why do you linger here, wasting the minutes that should be used in carrying you far from this spot?" came the low, guarded tones, as the maiden cast a wary glance around.

"My friends are here," stammered Jack, scarce knowing what he said.

"Are they worth dying for—or rather with? The bravest man may retreat without shame, when he can only die by remaining, without doing any good. You are brave—you proved that, out yonder—but if you remain here, you must die. Flee while you can—to-morrow will be too late. You are warned—be wise and save your life for the sake of those who are dear to you."

She abruptly passed and glided away as the tall form of the Mad Chief drew near, leaving Jack most deliciously bewildered.

CHAPTER XI.

THE HALF-BREED'S WOOING.

BLACK GAROTE made but a short day's journey, after capturing Rosina and Pablo Raymon, going into camp before the sun set. During the day, the young buffalo-hunter lay bound and helpless, in the bottom of one of the rough, jolting carretas. Rosina was permitted to ride, but the half-breed was never more than arm's-length from her bridle rein, as though he feared the bird he prized so highly

would take to wing and fly away over the desert, never more to return.

His men, rude, uncouth fellows enough, laughed and joked among themselves at the evident infatuation of their doughty chief; but Black Garote never noticed them. Other eyes, too, were upon them, with anything but an amiable look. White teeth grated angrily together, a little paw sought the bone-handled dagger that lay hidden in a hot, heaving bosom; all through that long, weary day, only a wonderful exercise of self-denial prevented the Indian woman from springing upon her rival—for what woman could long resist the noble, superb Garote!—and ending all with one swift, sure stroke that should send the trusty blade down through that fair bosom, to the heart that was gradually softening toward Garote—her Garote.

As the night came down, the camp-fires blazed up cheerily, shining upon the gray rocks, reflecting from the tiny stream that wound its way through the crags and moss-grown boulders. Only one little dingy skin tent marked the spot. Until now little had been said to the use of Black Garote and the Indian woman; the other men had left their women behind them.

Before the swaying blanket that had served the purpose of a door, sat Rosina, preferring the rudely-admiring gaze of the hunters to the risking a private *tete-a-tete* with Garote. That worthy crouched at his feet, urging her to eat.

"You need not be afraid, little one," he laughed, shortly. "The girl has clean hands, if nothing else. Eat—you will need all your strength before you see your people again."

"You will take us back to-morrow? We will say nothing—only that you were very kind to us, and took much trouble to restore us to our friends. Do this—you shall never regret it. We are not rich, but you shall be well paid for your trouble."

It was with difficulty that Rosina schooled herself to speak these words in a quiet, even tone; but whatever faint hope she may have had, vanished at the coarse laugh and coarser words of the half-breed.

"Yes, my reward would be a curse and perhaps a kick—I know Felipe Raymon well. He is so proud because he can tell who his father and grandfather was—of his 'blue blood.' And yet he is no more than I—a poor cibolero. Take you back? Am I a fool? Do you remember the last time we met—at your home? I came then, a man, good as the best in the land; a man who can hold his own with the best hunter, the surest *raspadero*, boldest rider—the equal of any, unless it be in not having a smooth, baby face. I came to ask for you—as a wife. What was my answer? He—your father—set his paws on me, had me kicked into the ditch and chased for miles by his dog. You see, I have not forgotten!"

Rosina sat in silence after this outburst. She realized how utterly vain words would be, and a cold, sickening dread crept over her heart as she realized how utterly she was at the mercy of this brutal, vengeful being.

"These are not the words I meant to speak," added the half-breed, choking down his angry recollections with an effort. "You forced them from me by bringing up the past. If you are wise, you will be more careful. Though I love you—stop! You must listen to me. Where can you go? These men are all my own, and at a sign from me would swing your pretty neck, and never sleep a wink till your horse after. I warned Felipe Raymon that my time would come; and this is it."

"You are here at my mercy. I can use you as I see fit. And yet I will be generous. Once more—will you be my wife?"

"Never—a thousand times no!" cried Rosina, her cheek flushing, her eyes flashing angrily.

"Wait; never is a long word, and easier spoken than lived up to. Let me give you some reasons for saying yes. As I hinted, before, I have the power to make you what the woman yonder, Paquita, is—which would be worse than becoming my wife with the priest's blessing."

"Then—thinking of your brother. He is young, and life is sweet to him, no doubt. I believe you love him, too. For his sake, then, you will give me the promise I ask."

"He would curse me were I weak enough—"

"You don't give me credit for half my power," the half-breed laughed viciously. "I think I can soon win him over to my side, and even cause him to beg that you will marry me. Does that surprise you? Listen: I said these men were mine, body and soul. Two of them are pure Indians; all of them have red blood in their veins. Torturing a prisoner will come natural to them. Every evening I will ask you that question. If you refuse, you shall sit by me and watch my men at work, listen to the shrieks and groans of your brother as he prays you to have pity on him. Ha! that touches you!"

Rosina shuddered and leaned back against the lodge, faint and heart-sick. The fiendish words of the brutal half-breed filled her with terror such as she had never felt before. Alone, helpless in his power, her situation was indeed miserable.

The half-breed continued, but his words sounded faintly upon her ear, without conveying any understanding.

"You know now what to expect. I have threatened no more than I can perform—no more than I will do if you continue obstinate. On the other hand, if you are sensible and make me the promise—swear to become my wife in an oath that I know you will never dare to break—you shall be treated with all respect and kindness, you and your brother. I will take you at once to the Mission San Saba, where the holy fathers can satisfy even your scruples."

"But enough now. You can think over my words to-night. This tent is yours. No one shall enter it without your permission. Go in, now; and consider well what I have said."

The moment she had served the rude viands, Paquita, away. From a distance she had watched them, the hot, mad jealousy rising in her bosom until her eyes glowed like those of an enraged cat, as she saw how eager the half-breed grew, how animated his gestures were, how utterly forgotten was his wonted indolent laziness. Though the words were inaudible to her, Paquita could easily follow his speech, so mobile had passion rendered his features, and the strong, white teeth fairly met in the red, full lip unnoticed in her suffocating hatred. Not against him, though he had so utterly forgotten as to make hot love to another woman beneath her very eyes. All of her hatred was for Rosina—and that hatred deepened as she saw how the maiden shrunk back from the eager half-breed, a look of fear and loathing upon her pale face. It was then that Paquita grasped her knife and stole nearer the couple, crouching down close beside the lodge, her ears eagerly drinking in the words of the half-breed, her hot passion rising higher with every moment, until she could scarce refrain from springing upon the woman who had robbed

her of his love, and driving the biting steel deep down to the very depths of her cold heart. Fortunately for them all, Black Garote said his say, and motioning Rosina to enter the lodge, he turned away and rejoined his men.

Paquita came and crouched beside her lord and master as he lay beside the glowing fire, so grateful to his tropical nature, keeping him supplied with tiny cigarettes. The cibolero lazily laughed as he watched the bronzed, comely face. She was taking it easy, he thought, little guessing what a whirlpool of passion was concealed beneath that calm exterior.

One by one the men rolled their blankets around them and lay down to sleep. A guard had been set, but it was little more than a matter of form, since they were at peace with the Indians, by virtue of their calling. And so, from a sitting posture against the gray boulder, the sentinel soon lay at full length, fast buried in sleep.

The moon rolled on, and the little valley was cast into deep shadow by the towering rock-wall. The fires had died out. The sleeping figures grew more and more indistinct.

The sentinel was soundly sleeping. Had he been awake and fully alert, he would have heard a peculiar sound—the yelping bark of a coyote, faint and subdued, as though coming from a distance. His eyes would probably have wandered out upon the desert, possibly would have rested upon the dark, shadow-like shape creeping along so slowly, each moment drawing nearer his position. A hungry coyote, most likely, drawn thither by the hope of finding a stray bone.

Nearer and nearer the shadow came, never deviating from a direct course—in this alone differing from the prowling, restless wolf. The sleeping sentinel breathed deeply, as though to guide the midnight marauder.

A light cloud passed over the moon. When the soft light once more bathed the earth, the shadow had disappeared. Perhaps it had slunk back into the desert again.

And yet—a faint, rustling sound came from the inside of the little valley. A slight puff of wind whirled between the rocks and blows the white ashes off a still smoldering brand. For a moment the red coal gleams out brightly, flickering into a tiny blaze. Again the sentinel missed a curious sight.

As the coal burst into flame, a dark figure sunk down amid the prostrate forms of the buffalo-hunters, and lay like one dead. But there was a quick glimmer of bared steel—then once again all was silent and dark.

Slowly the figure raised its head, and glared around, the eyes shining through the gloom with a phosphorescent light. All was still. Then, as if reassured, the shadow moved slowly away from the slumbering ciboleros, its progress silent as that of a serpent leisurely gliding over the sandy waste.

It paused beside the tent, cautiously passing a hand over the door-flap. This was securely pinned down, and after a moment's fumbling at the pegs, the shadow passed around the lodge into the deeper shadow.

The keen knife was brought into play. With admirable skill, a triangular cut was made in the tight skin. A moment's pause—then the shadow crept into the tent.

The sentinel abruptly ceased his snoring, and moved restlessly, uttering a few incoherent words in his sleep. Like magic a shadow arose beside him; a broad palm lowered above his parted lips, a silvery arm was lifted for a moment, then descended with a dull, ominous thud. Though death-stricken, the brawny cibolero sprang half erect, a hoarse, gurgling cry bursting from his lips as the long blade was drawn from his heart.

The death-cry was drowned by a long, shrill yell—a dozen throats uniting in the terrible war-cry, and the desert seemed alive with shadows.

A piercing shriek of pain or terror came from the little tent.

CHAPTER XII.

KNIGHTS OF THE DESERT.

THE remainder of that day and night passed by without any occurrence of especial note to our friends at the circular valley.

With every hour the Mad Chief found it a harder matter to keep Felipe Raymon from starting forth in search of his children. As yet nothing had been heard from the Pawnees who had first taken the trail, and the bereaved one's hopes were gradually growing less and less, though never once did they suspect that the chief was playing them false.

Jack confided to Tony the startling words of Mini Lusa. The old man, after a moment's self-communion, spelled upon his fingers:

"Get her to speak plainer. She will if you ask it, as you can ask. We can't sneak away from them, and every point will help."

But Jack was unable to carry out this plan. If Mini Lusa had not left the encampment, she kept so close that an interview was impossible.

During the night, the Pawnees went through with a scalp-dance, commemorating their victory over the Comanches, and it was far along in the small hours before all was quiet.

During this scene of almost demonic revelry, Jack Rabbit and Tony stood on guard, half expecting the signal which should herald the massacre; but the hour had not yet come.

Soon after daylight the sports began. The majority of the buffalo-hunters joined right willingly; after their long, tedious journey, any relaxation had a double charm. There were races, both with horses and afoot. In the latter, the ciboleros were generally the victors, for the Pawnees only show to advantage when mounted. There followed lasso fights, mock contests with blunted spears and arrows, during which the contestants exhibited remarkable skill and wonderful horsemanship.

Leaning idly against the rocks, though their horses were near, saddled and bridled ready for work, Jack and Tony watched the sports with little interest. They knew that after this farce must come the tragedy.

The Pawnee chief half reclined upon a pile of robes placed over a boulder, coldly observing the movements of those below. His programme had been thoroughly arranged, and every motion of his hand was understood and carried out by his dusky aides.

Beside him sat Mini Lusa, holding the strangely ornamented wand that denoted her rank as medicine-woman. A richly embroidered scarf of silk was hung over her shoulders. Many a longing eye rested upon it, for all knew that when the sports of the day ended the brave that displayed the greatest skill and address would be called upon to receive the scarf from the fair hands of Running Water.

"The old man is watching us close as a hawk does a sage rabbit," muttered Jack to his comrade. "If we want to keep his eyes full of dust we've got to do something besides sitting here like two bumps on a log. You don't mind, old man Tony?"

"It's the girl, rather," quickly spelled Chew,

smiling grimly. "Take care; she comes of treacherous stock."

Jack rode forward without any reply. A lull in the exercises favored him, and all eyes were turned upon the young man as he rode before the chief, bowing low as he dropped his sombrero to the propheteess.

His request was promptly granted, and Jack was soon in the possession of bow and quiver, spear and buffalo-hide shield. The curiosity of all was aroused as the Mad Chief arose and stated that the two friends would give a scene from desert life—a duel between red-skin and pale-face.

Jack Rabbit dropped all superfluous clothing, placing them, together with his rifle and pistols, near the center of the arena, where a sudden dash would regain them, in case the chosen moment for the tragedy should be at hand. Chew simply looked to his pistols, then awaited the signal.

What followed can hardly be described. The discovery, the cautious advance, the brief pantomime, the yell and the charge. How the red-skin—as represented by Jack—circled round and round the pale-face, clinging to the mane and saddle, now discharging an arrow from beneath his animal's neck, now under his belly, now springing upright with a shrill yell, clashing spear and shield together as though seeking to draw his rival's fire.

At length the rifle cracked—and yelling triumphantly, the Indian charged directly at his enemy. Standing firm as a rock, the borderer raised his arm and his revolver began to speak. Swinging from side to side, dextrously handling his shield as though to ward off the swift coming bullets, the red-man kept closing nearer and nearer to his antagonist. His pistol emptied, the borderer sought to draw another, but with a shrill yell of exultation, the desert warrior forged alongside, leaped from his horse and alighted fairly behind his rival, drawing his head back and plying his knife with such a fidelity to nature that more than one of the buffalo hunters uttered cries of angry alarm. Then, with the final pantomime of scalping his victim, Jack rode swiftly up to where the Mad Chief sat, holding aloft the hide shield where all eyes could see it. The low murmur of applause abruptly broke forth in a long shout, as the spectators saw and counted the seven bullet-holes in the shield. They scarcely knew which to admire most, the activity and address of Jack Rabbit, his perfect trust in his comrade, or the cool self-reliance and wonderful marksmanship of Chew.

But there was one face, at least, among the company that grew darker with a scowl of hatred, one voice that gave a grunt of contempt when all others were raised in praise, and when the clamor subsided he rode forward and confronted Jack.

A tall, lithe brave, young, yet bearing upon his broad, nude chest more than one deep scar, telling of hotly contested *melees*; the model of an Indian warrior, with an eagle-like face. His words came hot with passion, yet Jack understood his meaning perfectly. It was a challenge to meet him in a singular duel, one requiring no little skill and address, where the defeated would be covered with disgrace.

Even with less confidence in himself, Jack could not have refused beneath the bright eyes of Running Water, but he was thoroughly aroused, and naturally, gladly welcomed the chance of further "showing off."

"The dog means mischief, lad," said Tony, as they drew aside to prepare for the contest. "Don't give away a chance—if he gets the better of you you're a dead man!"

"He is a dog, and I'm—your pupil, old man Tony," laughed Jack. "You'll not have to buy mourning for me this time."

The simple preparations were quickly made. Each man, mounted, of course, bore a lasso, a headless lance, and a knife; nothing more. The half circle was freshly marked out, and mounted braves stationed at regular intervals along the line for the purpose of seeing that the rivals kept within bounds. One foot over the line meant disgraceful defeat.

In a gentle canter the antagonists approached each other, gradually veering to the right, until they fairly changed sides, then circled round and round, their left hand toward each other, scarce two lasso lengths apart.

Jack, more confident, Jack waited for the Pawnee to make the first move, for he saw that the brave was strangely angry at him, from some cause, and felt assured that his rage would soon afford an effective opening.

Had Jack known the truth—that the Pawnee was an ardent suitor for Mini Lusa's hand—he might not have been quite so nonchalant.

A quick breath broke from the spectators as they saw the red-man suddenly dart forward and hurl his lasso, its snake-like folds clearly outlined against the sky.

But Jack was not caught napping. Up rose his hand clutching the long shaft that guarded both his own head and that of his horse; almost too early guard that can avail against the fatal lasso.

The noose fell harmlessly to the ground. Wheeling as upon a pivot, the blood-bay sprang forward, the lasso circling around Jack's head, and a sharp, warning cry arose from the savages as they saw their comrade's danger. But what was their surprise when Jack abruptly paused, lowering his weapon, and quietly waited until the raging Pawnee recovered his lasso. What could it mean?

The answer soon came. Boiling over with rage and chagrin, the Pawnee charged once more. Jack hung the rope over his pommel, and dropped his pole, a cold, steely glitter in his eyes.

The rope hissed through the air, a hoarse cry burst from the big borderer's lips as he saw the noose settle fairly over Jack's right arm. A yell of fiendish joy came from the Pawnee as he wheeled his pony and dashed away. A clear, taunting laugh answered as Jack Rabbit thundered on in close pursuit.

Astonished at feeling no welcome *pluck* upon the lasso, the Pawnee glanced over his shoulder. A wild glare came into his eyes as he saw the pale-face close his right hand grasping the ring, yet making no effort to cast off the weapon. And seeing this, for once in his life the battle-scarred warrior felt a thrill of absolute fear. He could have met death without a tremor, but this—undying disgrace!

The game lay in Jack's hands. His horse was the swiftest, he could choose his own distance. The only way the Indian could escape the punishment in store, was to cut his own lasso—an act that would forever disgrace him.

On they raced, Jack forcing the wretched brave close along the boundary, with each moment coming nearer to where sat the chief and his daughter. Before them Jack decided to end the struggle. Twice did the Pawnee charge his enemy, but as often was he foiled and forced back, each time Jack gathering up more of the slack rope.

Then the end came. Pricking his horse,

Jack forged alongside, flung a turn of the rope around the Indian's neck, then wheeled, tearing him from his horse, hurling him to the ground, bleeding and senseless.

All parties feeling was forgotten, and Jack was hailed the victor in one long, loud yell. The Mad Chief motioned him to advance, but Mini Lusa sprang to the ground and met him half way. And as Jack bowed his head to receive the badge of honor, she whispered, earnestly:

"Flee while you can. To-night, after the feast, the word will be given, and every pale-face in the company will be massacred!" (To be continued—commenced in No. 306.)

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

BY HENRI MONTGOMERY.

The sun went down to meet the west,
And in the east the moon
Climbed up above the horizon's edge,
One milking-time in the
And the sun from out the clouds of gold,
The moon from clouds of snow
Played hide-and-seek a moment
Ere the day had turned to go.

The robins in the apple trees
Have bid the world good-night;
But the crickets from the meadow
They pipe with all their might.
And over in the maple woods
The "moping owl" complains:
While from the pond the frogs reply
In melancholy strains.

Now slowly up the eastern sky
The modest Queen of Night
In majesty advances
With her train of silver light.
The twilight shadows deepen;
And stilly, one by one
The stars come out, rejoicing
In the absence of the sun.

Ah, Kitty Clyde, whither so fast
To-night, my bonny lass?
She softly shuts the dairy door,
And trips across the grass;
Then down beneath the apple trees,
And through the meadow bar,
To where the bubbling well springs
And weeping willows are.

The zephyr's whisper to the leaves
Their sweet idleness,
While a well-known form stands waiting
Under the greenwood tree.
Young Roger hears her footfall
As she nears the resting-place,
And turned to clasp his sweetheart
In a passionate embrace.

Benignantly the tender moon
Looked down upon the scene,
And she softly touched their bended heads
With tints of silver sheen.
Surely God made the moonlight nights
And the lovely summer weather
For lovers true to sit beneath
The greenwood tree together.

Long time they sat and whispered
Their twice-told tale of love;
The zephyr told the self-same story
To the leaves above.
And when at length, the hour grown late,
They needs must part, their leaves
Lips kissing whispered, "We shall meet
Once more, the morrow eve."

Up from the south one Sabbath day
There came a sound of war;
A ruthless hand had torn the flag
Our fathers gave to us;
And farmer boys took down their guns
And turned to meet the foe,
Just as they did at Lexington
A hundred years ago.

Poor Kitty Clyde, she trembled
With a thousand vague alarms,
As through the quiet countryside
There came the call to arms;
For well she knew the midnight nights
Would be among the first
To rally round the dear old flag
That was trailing in the dust.

A few more nights they sat together
Neath the greenwood tree;
A few more nights the plying moon
Peeped through the leaves to see;
A few more kisses—one long, clinging
Passionate embrace—
And then 'twas long years ere they met
In the old resting-place.

The suns come up at morning—
And sink to rest at eve;
Night after night the bright moonbeams
Their fairy fabric weave
Through the branches of the greenwood tree.

The brooklet o'er and o'er
Wonders softly that the lovers
Seek the resting-place no more.
But on the porch at sunset
Sweet Kitty sits and cries;
The moon looks faded, Kitty Clyde
The light has left her eyes.

For lately came the news of battle,
And all the world was in a glow;
Appeared—alas! the cruel lie!
The name of Roger Vane.

Cheer up, sweet Kitty Clyde, 'tis false
That your lover is no more.
To-night he camps in safety
On the banks of Rhineclash.
A few weeks more shall put an end
To battles and to wars,
And June shall bring him home again
With a pair of silver bars.

The April weather came and went,
The May-time faded;
Came the bright days of June,
And something faded of birds.
In the clover scented air
Whispered of hope to Kitty Clyde,
And bade her not despair.

One milking-time the sun and moon
Were once more face to face;
And yearningly asked Kitty Clyde
Sought the old resting-place.
Down through the rows of apple trees
She slowly made her way,
Across the meadow 'mid the swaths
Of sweetly-smelling hay.

As she drew near, the dear old moon
Peeped slyly through to see;
The zephyr's whisper to the leaves
With an unwonted gleam.
For see—she starts and trembles.
Ah! Can her eyes deceive?
A manly form with soldier's garb,
And an idle, empty sleeve.

Stands waiting under the greenwood tree!
One little cry of bliss—
Then she nestles to his breast once more,
And feels his burning kiss.
Once more the moon reached forth her rays
Her lover's twin to bless;
And all night long the zephyrs told
To the leaves their happiness.

Happy Harry,

THE WILD BOY OF THE WOODS; OR, The Pirates of the Northern Lakes.

BY OLL COOMES.

AUTHOR OF "IDAHO TOM," "DAKOTA DAN,"
"BOWIE-KNIFE BEN," "OLD HURRICANE,"
"HAWKEYE HARRY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE TREE-TOP SPY.

No sooner was Happy Harry on land than his wild young spirit began longing for adventure, and he at once made known his intention of departing for Detroit. He was fitted out with a new rifle and suit of buckskin by Captain Rankin, who felt that these gifts in no way compensated the youth for the favors he had bestowed upon him.

Before leaving the settlement, Tempy gave him a plain gold ring as a token of her respect and admiration for him, and the invaluable service that he had rendered her and her family. This gift Harry treasured above

all his earthly possessions, for he now felt more deeply his love for the fair girl.

Shortly after sunrise the youth bid farewell to his friends and started on his long and perilous trip, through a hostile section of the country, for Port Detroit. He was accompanied only by his faithful dog. He carried the valuable paper which he had taken from the British spy sewed into the lining of his moccasins.

Long Beard walked with the youth to the edge of the woods, about a mile from the post, and when they were about to separate, he said:

"Now, Harry, my dear boy, do be careful. Don't trouble the savages or English. Make it a point to evade them much as possible."

"Great hoppin' hornits, general," replied the youth, with a smile upon his flushed face. "I want to try my new gun on a red-skin the first chance I get, I do for a fact."

"Try it upon a bird or deer."

"Never, general; I prize a bird in the market above a red-skin or Britisher, I do for a zoological fact. The birds have been my dearest companions these many years, and not a feather would I harm unless absolutely necessary. But, general, don't give yourself a moment's uneasiness 'bout me. You have trouble enough of your own, and if they exchange Kirby Kale and ole Mucklewee, Lord only knows what will come to you, general. But rest assured I'll take care of Harry, for I'm in my element now. Yes, give me the woods every time; I don't like the water; it's not as solid a footin' as it is on land; besides, there's nothin' to hide behind—no shade, no birds to sing to me, no squirrels to chatter—no nothin', but water below, sky above, and uncertainty all around. No, no, general; give me the woods every time. I never grow tired of that same old song it's been singin' these hundreds and hundreds of years. But, governor, I must bid you good-by and be off. Time is precious."

"When will you be back, Harry?"

"That bird on yonder limb can answer as well as I. I may be back soon; I may not be back for a year; I may never be back. But no difference, governor; that's nobody dependin' on me. I will go by my old home in the woods, the cabin of Davy Darroet; I will take old Davy with me, for he is a brave old codger and knows every foot of ground along St. Clair. I hope you will get rid of that lower regimenter, Kirby Kale, and that you may live a long and happy life yet; I do for a sublime fact."

"Thank you, Harry; thank you."

"Well, good-by, Big Beard," the lad said, extending his hand.

"Good-by, Harry; may God guide and protect you through all the dangers that beset your path."

Tears rolled up into the lad's eyes as he turned away. To prevent an outburst of feeling, he broke into a run and hurried on, never daring to look back until assured he was out of sight of Long Beard; then he slackened his pace to a walk.

"Here we are again, ole dog, alone in the woods," he said, brushing away the mist from his eyes. "It seems kind a-natural, don't it, old friend? The birds, and the squirrels, and the wind whistling among the trees, and the droning around us—great hornits! who says it isn't music, sweet music!"

Presently the youth began his favorite amusement of calling the birds around him through his power of imitation. A robin was the first to answer his call. It perched itself high in a tree-top, but when assured that it had nothing to fear, it descended closer. Then, one by one, came other winged songsters, until nearly a score had gathered around him. They took their position among the branches of the green-robed trees; and as he moved on, they followed him, singing, chattering, and chirruping in concert. Now and then a squirrel frisked out of a gnarled old oak, and regarding the passing youth and his escort of songsters with a look of apparent delight, sent forth a sharp bark that rung clearly through the woods.

And thus for hours the youth journeyed on through the great forest, the birds following—some dropping out of the ranks and others joining. And as he was now approaching the enemy's country, he watched the birds closer and closer. Long associations with them had taught him their habits and peculiarities. He knew by their movements whether danger was about or not.

The sun had long since crossed the meridian, and the shadows of evening were gathering. The last bird had deserted the youth, and, instead of the music of the feathered tribe, the hoot of an owl ringing upon his ears. This was suddenly followed by the tramp of hooved feet and jingle of military trappings. Armed horsemen were approaching through the woods, but Harry knew not whether they were friends or foes. Belshazzar pricked up his ears and whined uneasily.

"Hist, Bell!" exclaimed the youth in an undertone; "some one's comin'! get away from here—out into the woods, ole dog, for I'm goin' to climb this tree and hide. Away, Bell, away!" and he motioned the dog away toward the south.

The sagacious animal seemed to comprehend, and at once scampered away, and Harry, slinging his rifle at his back by means of a strap attached for that purpose, climbed a huge oak tree with low, far-branching limbs, and ensconced himself among the dense foliage on a bough about ten feet from the main trunk and twice the distance from the ground.

He had scarcely done so, and the foliage around him was still rustling from his movements, when a number of mounted soldiers in the English uniform appeared in sight.

Happy Harry was almost afraid to breathe, for he at once discovered that the soldiers were a squad of the king's cavalry, and the advance guard of an invading army. Of this he was positive, for he could hear, in the distance, the tramp of the army, the rumble of artillery and baggage wagons, the blows of axes clearing a way through the woods for the teams, the commands of authoritative voices, and the general confusion of sounds incidental to a moving army.

To Harry's surprise and fear the detachment of cavalry drew rein within a few rods of where he was concealed, and the officer in command said:

"We will wait here until the main column comes up. It will require some time to bridge that creek, and so by the time they get across it will be time to go into camp. This will be a favorable spot for an encampment."

So saying they dismounted, and just about sunset Major-General Brock and staff rode up at the head of the advancing army.

"Have you selected grounds suitable for an encampment, colonel?" demanded Brock of the cavalry officer.

"This spot, general, is the most favorable one convenient," replied the colonel.

"Then here we will halt," replied the general.

Harry heard every word, and it almost chilled the blood in his veins.

The army soon came up, and was halted upon the grounds surrounding the tree in which our hero was ensconced. A baggage wagon was drawn up near the huge oak, and a number of tent equipments removed therefrom preparatory to being erected for the accommodation of the officers.

General Brock selected a spot directly under the very limb upon which the boy was perched, and ordered his tent pitched upon it; and as a number of men proceeded to work, Harry's heart almost beat to beat through fear of detection.

The tent was a large conical structure about ten feet in height at the apex, which reached well up among the limbs. It required but a few minutes to prepare it for occupation, and, thanks to the providential shadows that lurked among the foliage, Harry was not discovered. But he was in for a night there in the tree, and in a position, too, that might prove more than his endurance could bear.

The deeper shadows of night proved a great relief to the boy, and he gradually settled himself into a more comfortable position. The soldiers lighted no fires. They feasted their hunger on cold provisions, and slaked their thirst at the little stream that rippled close by. The low murmur of voices rose on all sides. The animals were hatched here and there to trees and bushes, and given their provender on the ground. The harness and saddles had not been removed for fear of surprise.

The whole camp was a continuous stir of mingled life and sounds, and a relief to Harry; for the stamping of hooved feet, the rustling of bushes and the clinking of harness chains served to drown any noise that he might make.

Suddenly a faint ray of light pierced the gloom within a few feet of his face. It came from a small, round hole in the very top of the British commander's tent, and the lad could not resist the temptation to lean slightly forward and peer down through the hole. He saw a lamp burning on a small stand, and before it sat General Brock and two of his officers on camp stools, examining a map that was outspread upon the general's knees. He could see their faces but indistinctly. He could hear the murmur of their voices, but could only make out a word now and then.

At length, however, one of the general's aid-de-camp appeared at the door of the tent, and said in a tone quite audible:

"General, pardon my intrusion, but there is an Indian chief at the door desiring an audience with you."

"Of what tribe?" inquired the general, a little crustily at being disturbed.

"Of all tribes, general; it is the great Tecumseh."

The general started as if at a hostile shot. He rose to his feet, and as he folded the map he dismissed the two officers, and then said to the aid:

"Admit the great chief, Tecumseh."

Harry's curiosity now assumed a more eager form. Carefully he dropped from limb to limb, until he actually pressed his eye to the little opening to obtain a glimpse of the mighty warrior, as well as to catch the words that passed between him and Brock.

With stately dignity Tecumseh stalked into the presence of the English general, who advanced to meet him with the palms of both hands outward in token of friendship.

They shook hands. Brock welcomed the great warrior, and with his own hands spread a blanket upon the ground for him to be seated upon. When Tecumseh sat down the general sat down upon his camp-stool facing him.

Then the chief demurely filled the pipe on the head of his tomahawk, lit it, and having taken a whiff or two, passed it to the general. The latter knew its significance, and followed the chief's example by smoking with Tecumseh the pipe of peace.

Assured of the general's friendship now, the chief said:

"Messengers from the Canada Father told me of your friendship to the red-men. He spoke English fluently, and Harry could hear every word he said.

"I have no cause to entertain other than the kindest feelings toward my red brothers," responded Brock; "they have long been the friends of the English."

"We are friends now because the Yankees are our enemies. The red men have dug up the hatchet, and are ready to recover the land of their forefathers. The Great Canada Father said to Tecumseh, in a whisper: 'Go, fight the Yankees; strike when the English strike, but tell it not that thus whispered in my red children's ear. Fight as though you were independent of the English, for if it should be known that we urged the red-men to fight for us, other nations might execrate us, and send their soldiers and big boats to help the Americans years ago.' When my Canada Father said this, I come to see the chief of the English warriors that I might know when to strike."

"I will be glad to have you co-operate with me," replied the British general, encouraging the great chief in what English history disclaims to be true, "for the Yankees are many and cunning. They cannot stand, however, before the Indian's tomahawk and the English soldiers' muskets. Already the Yankee chief, Governor Hull, has retreated from Canada like a coward. He has gone to Detroit, and there sought his forts as a fox pursued seeks his den. There will I strike him."

"Tecumseh and his braves will be there to fight with his white brothers."

"How away is your village?"

"Not a half sun's travel."

"Then I can depend upon your assistance at Detroit?"

"Yes, when my white brother is there."

"Then let this be so understood."

"Tecumseh always keeps his word with a friend."

By this time the greatest excitement prevailed in camp. The news had spread like wildfire that the great Tecumseh was a guest at head-quarters, and in a very few minutes hundreds of men had gathered around the tent, eager to get a glimpse of the mighty chieftain. But of course not one in twenty could get near the door, and many were compelled to retire to their quarters without having a chance to gratify their curiosity.

One young soldier, however, determined not to leave without seeing the notorious Indian; that faint beam of light shining from the apex of the tent suggested a means, and so he hastily climbed the huge oak under which the tent stood, and began crawling along the very limb upon which Happy Harry was concealed!

And the tree-top spy found himself in a terrible dilemma, from which there appeared no possible chance of escape!

CHAPTER XXVII.

"IN A BOX."

HAPPY HARRY drew back as far as possible to get out of the way of the inquisitive soldier,

but he could retreat only a few feet as the limb had been broken and drooped downward at an inclination of forty degrees. This left but one course to pursue, and he quickly made up his mind to adopt it. He drew his pistol, and as the soldier came within reach, dealt him a powerful blow upon the head.

A groan escaped the Englishman's lips, as he tumbled from the limb upon the tent. It so happened that he fell where the selvages of the canvas lapped one over the other, and under his weight they parted and he fell through into the tent, landing squarely on the princely head of the great Tecumseh.

A war-whoop burst from the savage chieftain's lips, and an oath from Brock's. The former sprang to his feet and drew his tomahawk and the latter his sword. But in the confusion consequent upon the unceremonious intrusion of the soldier, the table was tipped over and the lamp upset. The canvas took fire, and in a moment the whole structure was in flames, the general, the chief and the wounded soldier barely escaping.

Up among the foliage of the great oak rose the smoke and flame. The green leaves crackled and crisped in the excessive heat which soon became more than human endurance could withstand. Harry was right over the worst of it. He began sneezing and coughing violently, but owing to the general confusion below, no one heard him. Men crowded and jostled each other eager to get a view of Tecumseh in the glow of the burning tent. The horses near at hand snorted and pawed uneasily. A number of men with bucketsful of water made their way to the fire and dashed it on the flames. This proved the worst blow of all to Harry. Steam, ashes and smoke whirled up into the foliage so strong and suffocating that he was compelled to leave his perch, and slide down the limb to the ground in the midst of the astonished army!

"Great horn-its!" he exclaimed, rubbing his eyes and gasping for breath, "what the 'tarnal nation's up here!—a camp-meetin' goin' on?"

"By heavens! a young Yankee!" exclaimed a soldier.

"Ay, that accounts for Dinwiddie's fall," replied a colonel; "lead the little ferret out and shoot him; the surgeon says Dinwiddie will die."

"Yes, shoot him! shoot him!" cried a hundred voices.

"Order! order!" thundered General Brock. "Have you forgotten, men, that you are soldiers of the English crown? Shame for such conduct; he is but a boy, not the American army!"

This merited rebuke at once restored order, then Brock led the boy into the tent of one of his generals and questioned him regarding his presence there.

The youth talked in such a childish, frivolous manner, the commandant came to the conclusion that he was a little runaway Yankee, who had become imbued with the spirit of some hero of a fireside story, and had rambled forth to seek renown in the great wildwood. Brock did not suspect him of having dealt Dinwiddie the wound upon the head, from which the surgeon feared there was no recovery. All had seen the soldier climb into the tree, but the fact that the boy was there at the time, was no evidence to the general that he—Harry—had dealt the blow. His natural conclusion was that Dinwiddie had received his injuries by his fall. However, as the youngster was in their power, the commandant concluded to retain him, for while he appeared to be not overly stocked with common sense, he might be thoughtful enough to give the Americans some information that would be of interest to them.

Harry acted as thoughtless and simple before the general as was consistent with his purpose and nature. It was his only recourse to outwit the English, although it was difficult for him to throw the look into his unusually intellectual face that should necessarily correspond with his rambling talk.

He was confined in an ambulance and a guard placed over him. He was not bound, as it was thought that the presence of the guard was all that would be necessary to keep him in his place. The watch took his position in the forward part of the prison-vehicle. He sat down upon the driver's seat with his gun at his side. Harry occupied the rear end of the carriage, and soon after he was placed therein, he began whistling sharply as if calling a dog.

"Shut up that noise or I'll slap you," vociferated his angelic guard. But Harry had accomplished his purpose—he had called up Belshazzar, who came bounding from the woods to the side of the vehicle in which he was confined.

"Let him in, Englisher; poor ole Bell's tired," said Harry, to his guard. "He's my friend; he's a bully ole dog, he is for a fact."

"Let him stay where he is," growled the amiable guard, and Harry had to obey.

The dog laid down under the carriage, where he remained the long night through.

The night wore away, and by dawn the next morning the army was astray. Dinwiddie was still unconscious, and the author of his ills had begun to contemplate an effort at escape when a man appeared in camp, the sight of whom drove all hope from the breast of the youth.

The man was the notorious renegade and traitor, Bill Mucklewee!

Bill Mucklewee was conducted to General Brock's quarters where he was closeted for some time with the commandant. When he appeared again, the general was with him. He ran his eyes over the camp where they happened to spy the form and face of Harry. Mucklewee started back as if with terror, exclaiming:

"Great Jehovah! I'll be dashed to thunder!"

"What allows you, Mucklewee?" asked the general.

"Ails me! Why, don't you see that boy? That's him—that imp of all that's mean, and cunning, and sneakin', and devilish!"

"What do you know about him?"

"Well, jist listen! dash my picters to thunder! What do I know about him? Why, he's the worst enemy the English have got to contend with. He's a reg'lar American spy. It was him—that very little imp of cussedness, that took your dispatches from Major Crafton; and it was him that led the party that captured the brig-of-war Scout, off the Plaiades islands."

"What! with the Scout captured?" asked the general, with a sudden start, for aboard the brig was a large amount of supplies for his army.

"Captured! yes! and that boy right there done it—that very dashed, insignificant little pup of a boy right before your eyes."

"Well, who is this mighty little fellow that's whipping the English navy?" asked Brock, sarcastically.

"Happy Harry, the dashed brat's called—Happy Harry, the Wild Boy of the Woods."

"Then, if this is the case, he has been playing a part with my confidence," said Brock; "let him be arrested."

Harry, who was standing near with a grim, defiant smile upon his boyish face, eyed Mucklewee with a look that fairly caused the villain to wince. Belshazzar, squatted upon his haunches, and towering almost as high as his young master, regarded the renegade with a look that told he had not forgotten he was an enemy to his master. When the two men started toward the lad for the purpose of seizing him, the dog showed his teeth and growled.

"Look out, thar, sojers!" Mucklewee shouted; "you want to watch that durned dog. A man's not a bite for the dashed brute; stand aside and I'll put a bullet through him; I owe him a grudge, anyhow."

The soldiers parted on either side between the dog and renegade who took up his old flint-lock musket to examine its priming.

Harry saw that a critical moment was at hand for him and his dumb companion, and not an instant was to be lost. Turning, he threw his slender form upon the dog's back, locked his arms around his neck and his legs around his body, then he spoke a single word to the animal and like a dart he shot away through the camp, carrying his young master with apparent ease.

So sudden and unexpected had this movement been that the dog with his human burden was fifty yards away before a man spoke. Then Mucklewee up with his musket and blazed away at the boy and dog, but the piece hanging fire he missed his mark and wounded a valuable horse, whose terrific plunging and cowering stampeded half the horses in camp.

And now arose a tumult, equal almost to that of battle. The cries of the soldiers, the commands of the officers, and the plunging and thundering about of the animals—all created a general confusion that drew attention from the youth for the time being. But, as soon as quiet had been restored, a number of mounted troops started in pursuit of the Wild Boy.

Having passed the pickets in safety, Harry gained the woods beyond without a scratch, and when assured that he was free from immediate danger, he dismounted from his dog's back.

"Well done, ole dog; well done," said Harry, patting Belshazzar upon the head; "your name should go down to posterity like your namesake of Bible fame, of whom Parson Lotts used to spout so much. It's well that you are a big dog, and that I'm a 'little, insignificant pup,' as ole Mucklewee called me. We two together make one purty good man—I furnish the thinkin' apparatus and you the bone and muscle; I git us both into trouble and you git us out."

The dog was warm and panting with his recent violent exercise, and as they had halted near a little stream that crept along under the leaves and grass like a guilty thing, both master and dog slaked their thirst and then moved on through the woods.

"Yes, by the hoppin' hornits," the lad mused as he moved on; "I understand a thing or two now, I do, for a fact. Ole Tecumseh is goin' to give ole England a boost in this war, and yit England don't want to let on that she's anything to do with the savages, oh, no! She's a mighty civilized country, and don't want it known as the general said, that she's hirin' savage barbarians to butcher and scalp Yankees and burn and tear up hob. Oh, Lord, no; they don't for a fact! But I'll see 'bout that. I'll put a flea in General Hull's deaf ear, and then when that little paper in my moccasins is brought out and discomfited, I'll bet somebody's calculations'll be split. And, great hornits! that darned ole Mucklewee, how I'd like to be his final settlement, and I will be yit if he don't keep entirely out of my way. Everybody thinks because I'm a boy I've no feelin'. Everybody has a lesson to learn me, and if they don't quit foolin' I'll learn some of them how to shoot; I will, for a bloody fact. But, speakin' of shootin' reminds me of the fact that I'm here in the wilderness without even a knife. I never even got to try my rifle that Cap. Rankin gave me; but no difference, I'll have another. By hornits! I know where I'll get one—at ole Davy's! His cabin is right on our way. Poor, dear ole Davy, he's been a father to me. For three years I roosted under his roof, and many things I learnt from him. We'll strike his palace 'bout night, and I reckon well be glad of it, too, for we've not a bite to eat nor nothin' to procure it with. Yes, ole Davy Darroet's always got a lot of extra grub, and I'll bet I git an outfit there, I will, for a fact."

The youth quickened his pace and hurried on south. Mile after mile was traversed. The sun crossed the line and sunk slowly westward, and just as the evening shadows were gathering he hove in sight of the cabin of Davy Darroet, the trapper.

The building stood alone in the great wilderness on the bank of a little purling stream. A light smoke was curling from the chimney-top—a huge pile of stone, sticks and mortar. No other sign of life was visible about the place, but Harry pushed boldly on and approaching the door rapped sharply upon it.

"Come in!" bawled out a voice.

It did not sound exactly like that of Davy Darroet's, but whose else could it have been? It had been some time since he had heard Davy's voice, and thought he might have been mistaken in its sounding unnatural, so he opened the door and entered. His dog sprang in ahead of him.

The instant the youth was inside some one standing behind the door banged it shut, and placed himself between it and Harry; while a second person appearing from behind a curtain of blankets suspended from the ceiling to the floor, confronted him with a devilish, triumphant leer upon his face.

This man was the notorious Bill Mucklewee, and the man at Harry's back was a soldier of the king.

Again had the Wild Boy fallen into a trap of the enemy from which there seemed no escape!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 801.)

ing a part with my confidence," said Brock; "let him be arrested."

Harry, who was standing near with a grim, defiant smile upon his boyish face, eyed Mucklewee with a look that fairly caused the villain to wince. Belshazzar, squatted upon his haunches, and towering almost as high as his young master, regarded the renegade with a look that told he had not forgotten he was an enemy to his master. When the two men started toward the lad for the purpose of seizing him, the dog showed his teeth and growled.

"Look out, thar, sojers!" Mucklewee shouted; "you want to watch that durned dog. A man's not a bite for the dashed brute; stand aside and I'll put a bullet through him; I owe him a grudge, anyhow."

The soldiers parted on either side between the dog and renegade who took up his old flint-lock musket to examine its priming.

Harry saw that a critical moment was at hand for him and his dumb companion, and not an instant was to be lost. Turning, he threw his slender form upon the dog's back, locked his arms around his neck and his legs around his body, then he spoke a single word to the animal and like a dart he shot away through the camp, carrying his young master with apparent ease.

So sudden and unexpected had this movement been that the dog with his human burden was fifty yards away before a man spoke. Then Mucklewee up with his musket and blazed away at the boy and dog, but the piece hanging fire he missed his mark and wounded a valuable horse, whose terrific plunging and cowering stampeded half the horses in camp.

And now arose a tumult, equal almost to that of battle. The cries of the soldiers, the commands of the officers, and the plunging and thundering about of the animals—all created a general confusion that drew attention from the youth for the time being. But, as soon as quiet had been restored, a number of mounted troops started in pursuit of the Wild Boy.

Having passed the pickets in safety, Harry gained the woods beyond without a scratch, and when assured that he was free from immediate danger, he dismounted from his dog's back.

"Well done, ole dog; well done," said Harry, patting Belshazzar upon the head; "your name should go down to posterity like your namesake of Bible fame, of whom Parson Lotts used to spout so much. It's well that you are a big dog, and that I'm a 'little, insignificant pup,' as ole Mucklewee called me. We two together make one purty good man—I furnish the thinkin' apparatus and you the bone and muscle; I git us both into trouble and you git us out."

The dog was warm and panting with his recent violent exercise, and as they had halted near a little stream that crept along under the leaves and grass like a guilty thing, both master and dog slaked their thirst and then moved on through the woods.

"Yes, by the hoppin' hornits," the lad mused as he moved on; "I understand a thing or two now, I do, for a fact. Ole Tecumseh is goin' to give ole England a boost in this war, and yit England don't want to let on that she's anything to do with the savages, oh, no! She's a mighty civilized country, and don't want it known as the general said, that she's hirin' savage barbarians to butcher and scalp Yankees and burn and tear up hob. Oh, Lord, no; they don't for a fact! But I'll see 'bout that. I'll put a flea in General Hull's deaf ear, and then when that little paper in my moccasins is brought out and discomfited, I'll bet somebody's calculations'll be split. And, great hornits! that darned ole Mucklewee, how I'd like to be his final settlement, and I will be yit if he don't keep entirely out of my way. Everybody thinks because I'm a boy I've no feelin'. Everybody has a lesson to learn me, and if they don't quit foolin' I'll learn some of them how to shoot; I will, for a bloody fact. But, speakin' of shootin' reminds me of the fact that I'm here in the wilderness without even a knife. I never even got to try my rifle that Cap. Rankin gave me; but no difference, I'll have another. By hornits! I know where I'll get one—at ole Davy's! His cabin is right on our way. Poor, dear ole Davy, he's been a father to me. For three years I roosted under his roof, and many things I learnt from him. We'll strike his palace 'bout night, and I reckon well be glad of it, too, for we've not a bite to eat nor nothin' to procure it with. Yes, ole Davy Darroet's always got a lot of extra grub, and I'll bet I git an outfit there, I will, for a fact."

The youth quickened his pace and hurried on south. Mile after mile was traversed. The sun crossed the line and sunk slowly westward, and just as the evening shadows were gathering he hove in sight of the cabin of Davy Darroet, the trapper.

The building stood alone in the great wilderness on the bank of a little purling stream. A light smoke was curling from the chimney-top—a huge pile of stone, sticks and mortar. No other sign of life was visible about the place, but Harry pushed boldly on and approaching the door rapped sharply upon it.

"Come in!" bawled out a voice.

It did not sound exactly like that of Davy Darroet's, but whose else could it have been? It had been some time since he had heard Davy's voice, and thought he might have been mistaken in its sounding unnatural, so he opened the door and entered. His dog sprang in ahead of him.

The instant the youth was inside some one standing behind the door banged it shut, and placed himself between it and Harry; while a second person appearing from behind a curtain of blankets suspended from the ceiling to the floor, confronted him with a devilish, triumphant leer upon his face.

This man was the notorious Bill Mucklewee, and the man at Harry's back was a soldier of the king.

Again had the Wild Boy fallen into a trap of the enemy from which there seemed no escape!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 801.)

THE TWENTY-FIVE CENT NOVELS.

I. The Dark Secret; or, The Mystery of Fontelle Hall. By Mrs. May Agnes Fleming.

II. The Maddest Marriage Ever Was. By Mrs. Jennie Davis Burton.

III. A Woman's Heart; or, Mad Arnold's Engagement. By Mrs. M. V. Victor.

IV. An Awful Mystery; or, Sybil Campbell, the Queen of the Isle. By Mrs. May Agnes Fleming.

V. The Pride of the Downes; or, The Mystery of the Wishing Well. By Margaret Blount.

VI. Victoria; or, The Heiress of Castle Cliffe. By Mrs. May Agnes Fleming.

VII. The Lost Secret; or, The Figure El. By Seeley Teaster.

VIII. Strangely Wed; or, Where Was Arthur Clare? By Mrs. Jennie Davis Burton.

THE SOLDIER.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

He was a soldier in the ranks,
And always fought to win,
But in the ranks of love he stepped
When Cupid said, "Fall in."

He wrote the lady of his love:
"I'll cherish you for aye,
Your smile is all that will campaign
I'm very proud to say."

"I hope our loves are uniform,
I charge you to believe
That I'll surrender at your word,
And never ask reprieve."

"I don't know when my love big-gun;
Your face I can't withstand,
And I am willing now to give
My life, dear, for your land."

"I'm very poor in worldly goods;
No money have I got,
The fortunes of the war, my love,
Are all my little lot."

"My life is wounded round your heart;
And I long to make you mine,
And I am anxious to enlist
In the matrimonial line."

"I'd like to march with you through life,
Nor think it any crime,
If for three years or during the war
You made me step to time."

"Don't say my hopes are volley, Miss,
To please you I would try,
And plenty of head-quarters give
Your bonnets for to buy."

"Do not say no! Were I repulsed
I'd be a lifeless corpse;
I'd think I must get out of here,
And prefer to be no more."

"You'd always be in arms, my dear,
On my parole I'd place you,
And off we'd counter-marching go
For silks and things to dress you."

"Your little arms, dear, should make
A prisoner of me;
And in the shades of private life
How happy we would be."

She said: "Your bold advances, sir,
From pleasing me are far,
In such a cause I would not run
The chances of the war."

"Had you a wife, my powdered sir,
You would desert soon,
Or her to poverty would drag,
Since you are a dragon."

"Your views are so military, sir,
I charge you not to stay;
We'll not fall in, but we'll fall out,
So, soldier, march away!"

Uncle Ab's "Mission."

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"OH, dear!"
Just those two words, but so loaded with misery and wofulness that Uncle Ab took the red bandana handkerchief off his face, and looked earnestly across the room at Effie Ellis, from whose red, quivering lips the little wailing cry had come.

"Why, child, what's the matter?"

A dear, kind voice, just like Uncle Ab himself, and so full of a womanly tenderness that Effie's gray eyes overflowed as he spoke to her.

"I thought you were asleep, Uncle Ab. I didn't know you heard me."

"But I did, little girl; and I want to hear more. What is the matter with you? Not particularly because you said 'oh, dear!' just now, but because I've noticed how quiet and worried you've seemed these couple of weeks back."

Effie stifled down the onflowing tears, and smiled bravely; only the sad weariness of her sweet young face smote Uncle Ab to the very heart.

"I guess I must be homesick, Uncle Ab—only don't tell Auntie or Nellie."

He looked searchingly in her wan, wearied face, then shook his head gravely.

"I don't think you are homesick, little Effie. But I do think your old uncle can read aright the symptoms of the disease that hurts you, that makes you so still and white, and takes your appetite away."

Effie shaded her face with her hand, but Uncle Ab saw the vivid stain of scarlet between the fingers; and he smiled knowingly at the confirmation of his own surmises.

"You've nothing to be ashamed of, child, if you are in love with Eldred Vane. There's not a likelier young fellow far or near."

The crimson tinge faded out again now, and Effie's hand trembled perceptibly.

"Oh, Uncle Ab! to think I should let any one know I am so foolish—so—so wicked, to care for him when he doesn't care for me. Dear old Uncle Ab! you are so kind, and thoughtful, and I am so perfectly miserable!"

She came over to his side, and laid her head on his knee.

"Because you think he don't care about you, Effie? Is that why? I thought you and Eldred were fast friends."

A little gasp, as if the memory was a keen sorrow to the girl, came sharply from her lips.

"We were friends—oh, Uncle Ab, I can't endure to talk of it. Only, I was so sure he would tell me he loved me. And now cousin Morris has come for me to go home next week, and—"

She never finished the sentence, but started suddenly up and left him, too full of her first young heart's ache to tell its burden.

Uncle Ab sat a long while where she left him, a puzzled expression on his rugged, handsome face, thinking of Effie's sweet, girlish beauty, and the one early sorrow of her heart.

"Poor child! I wonder what I can do to straighten things for her?"

He was a handsome young fellow—tall, straight, manly, with honest, joyous blue eyes that were winning enough to warrant the young ladies of Blossomborough, in general, and Miss Effie Ellis in particular, in experiencing very keen admiration of him. Everybody knew who he was, comparative stranger though he was; every one knew he was the nephew to Judge Vane, whom he was visiting during his long vacation.

And, under the influences of his charming ways, and city gallantries, and tender attentions, Effie Ellis had come to know she loved him truly, deeply, as she often thought he loved her; as she so often feared he did not.

And he! that very afternoon that Effie Ellis was crying in her bedroom, he lay lazily on the grass under the big horsechestnut tree, his handsome head resting on his hands, his wide-rimmed straw hat beside him, in company with a volume of poems.

Coming up the walk, Uncle Ab spied him, and swerved from the path, going toward him.

"Heigho, Vane! you're having a good time all to yourself, aren't you? Will I find the Judge up at the house? I want that copy of LeGrange's Economy."

Vane smiled a lazy greeting, and even old Uncle Ab felt the magic of his manner—thought with a pang of pitiful regret how

much Effie Ellis loved this man, and how little to blame she was that she did.

"I think you'll find him, Mr. Ellis. How's Miss Effie this afternoon?"

"Effie! oh, she's peart and happy—" and Uncle Ab gave an inward groan at his depravity. "She's the light of the house, I can tell you, and I don't know what we shall do when she goes away. Aunt Rhoda takes it quite to heart. You knew it, I s'pose?"

Eldred shifted his hands listlessly.

"Going away? No, I hadn't heard. Soon?"

"Next week. It's rather sudden, but young folks will be young folks."

A sudden, quick gleam of interest leaped to Eldred's eyes. Uncle Ab saw it, and began to feel repaid for his "depravity."

"I don't know as Effie would care to have me mention it, but you are an old friend, and I guess she won't scold me very hard if I tell you."

Eldred raised up on one elbow, his face all eagerness.

"What is there to tell me, Mr. Ellis? I feel quite sure Effie would not object to my knowing whatever concerns her."

Uncle Ab looked meditatively at the toes of his boots.

"Just so I think. Mr. Vane, what would you think if I were to tell you we're going to have a wedding down to the farmhouse?"

Vane's face turned suddenly pale, and he looked sharply at Uncle Ab's face.

"A wedding? Not—not Effie's?"

There was a distant suggestion of real agony in his tone, but it did not deter Uncle Ab from going on, quite cheerfully.

"Whose else could it be? and a prettier bride never wore a veil than my little girl will be."

Vane had arisen to his feet, a feeling of strange, suffocating agony tearing at his heart, his face wearing something of the same white whiteness Effie's had worn an hour ago. But when he saw Uncle Ab's eyes, he made no sign, but went on, cheerfully cutting right and left, and utterly regardless of the effect he created.

"Yes, we'll miss Effie when she goes; but it's a great comfort to me and Rhoda to know she goes with Morris—you know Morris Ellis, Effie's second cousin, don't you? That fine-looking fellow who came up to the farm last week?"

Eldred bit his lips. Yes, he knew Morris Ellis, the "fine looking" rascal who had come and deliberately robbed him of his darling; the one, only girl he ever had loved, whom he, in his carelessness and foolish confidence in his own powers of attraction, had now lost—lost forever!

The inward acuteness of wretchedness brought the big drops of perspiration to his forehead, that was paler than ashes, and Uncle Ab, with a swift glance of keen satisfaction, arose from the wooden seat, and started toward the house.

"I declare if I hadn't nearly forgotten about the book. I'll go on up, I guess."

He was barely out of sight before Eldred had picked up his hat and was on his way to the Ellis farm-house.

Was it possible he had lost her? had his careless attention ended in robbing him of the one treasure that made his life of interest to him?

Had another lover wooed while he had waited? And he knew, in his heart, that he deserved to lose her.

With rapid, headlong steps he lessened the distance between himself and the Ellis farm, drawing vivid pictures of the happiness there; and wondering, as he hastened on, why he was such a fool as to go to her now, when another had secured her? Yet, there seemed a savage satisfaction in the course he was pursuing; besides, perhaps—if—

A light tread; a gleam of white garments, and Effie met him, just where the road turned sharply.

She would have passed him—quietly, unobtrusively as she always did, only that Eldred stopped her, with a masterful authority that sent the warm blood to her cheeks.

"Effie! Effie!—how could you be so cruel? you know I loved you all the time!"

He had taken her hands, and was looking at her with reproachful, passionate eyes.

"I—cruel? Mr. Vane, I don't know what you mean."

"You don't? You want to thrust at me deeper by making me say how I hate that other fellow who has won you; oh! Effie, my darling—to think you are promised to be his wife!"

Flushes of painful red, and deathly white pallors alternated on her face as she looked confusedly, bewilderedly at him.

"I don't know what you mean, Mr. Vane. I am not going to be anybody's wife."

"You're not? why, your uncle told me not ten minutes ago you were to be married and go away next week with your cousin Morris—oh, Effie, my little girl, is it a stupid blunder? Are you really for me, after all?"

Effie's lips quivered; then, she raised her lovely face.

"Do you want me, Eldred?"

And for answer he snatched her to his breast.

"Want you, my precious? I should think so!"

Uncle Ab had been home an hour or more, and was reading in the big sitting-room, when they came in, arm in arm; Eldred so proud and happy; Effie shy, blushing, and with downcast eyes.

He looked up from the pages of "LeGrange's Economy" as they came up to his desk.

"How's this? Effie, I left you home, crying. Mr. Vane, what's all this?"

"Oh, Uncle Ab, what made you tell Eldred I was to be married to cousin Morris?"

There was such womanly reproach in Effie's tone that the old gentleman laughed most amusedly.

"Did I? Mr. Vane, didn't I tell you Effie was going away next week with Morris—aren't you, Effie—for a visit to his wife?"

He winked triumphantly.

"But you certainly gave me to understand there was to be a wedding—"

Uncle Ab interrupted him with a gravity that was irresistible.

"And isn't there to be one? eh?"

Then, when they had all enjoyed laughing over Uncle Ab's little strategic movement, they agreed it was a perfect blessing; and from that day that commenced their engagement, neither Eldred nor Effie regretted his loving "mission."

Canova ought to be living now. When he was alive he chose five hundred beautiful women to sit as models to his statue of Venus, but not one of them had decent toes. Had he lived now his search would have been among a thousand and still unrewarded among the present fashionable little dainty heels and narrow-toed shoes.

A Strange Preserver.

BY WALTER A. ROSE.

"THERE is a vessel on her beam-ends down to leeward, sir," sung out Bill Frazer, one of the hands of the good ship *Virgilia*, of which I was chief mate, as he stood in the fore-top gallant cross-trees overhauling the buntlines of the upper top-sail, which we had been compelled to stow during a heavy gale that had raged all night.

"We must run down to that craft, Mr. Carter; there are probably people aboard of her. Keep her off, Tom. Square the main-yard," said Captain Loring, when we had taken a survey of the helpless vessel on our lee.

We were bound to Rio Janeiro and had enjoyed tolerably fine weather until our arrival, the day previous to our sighting the disabled vessel, in the latitude of the windward Bermoothes, as seamen in past centuries were accustomed to call the group of islands known to-day as the Bermudas. The gale had wholly abated and only a moderate breeze was blowing when we rounded the *Virgilia* to under the stern of the distressed vessel, which proved to be the bark *Nightingale*, bound from Philadelphia to the West Indies with a cargo of coal that had shifted badly in the same gale we had encountered. She was lying completely on her beam-ends, and her commander, who was lashed in the main rigging, as were also two ladies and a number of the crew, informed us that she had sprung a leak and was settling fast.

Of course we immediately lowered a boat and rescued the unfortunates from their perilous position, and then, as there was no possibility of our being able to right her, we abandoned her and continued our course.

We had several passengers aboard the *Virgilia*, all of the male sex, however, with the exception of one married lady, and I felt inclined to think that several of the younger men were not sorry that we had received an addition to our party, for when the rescued ladies had been furnished with dry and proper clothing by our female passenger they presented an appearance that was decidedly pleasing. They were respectively the wife and sister-in-law of Captain Ashley, the skipper of the ill-fated *Nightingale*, and were both most bewitchingly beautiful. The matron was a plump, petite brunette with flashing eyes, raven hair and the most musical laugh I ever heard. She did not appear in the least distressed by the suffering she had undergone during the previous night, and seemed to think that as she had never before been shipwrecked she had only just acquired full right and title to be deemed a seaman's wife. Her sister differed from her in almost every respect except beauty and amiability. Estella Eaton was about eighteen years of age, while Mrs. Ashley was fully twenty-five, yet the vivacity that almost amounted to frivolity in the elder was decidedly subdued, though not altogether lacking, in the younger. Estella was a blonde, with exquisitely moulded features, a complexion delicate beyond comparison, rich golden hair that encircled her ivory brow like an aureole and fell in a glittering cascade of splendor down to her shapely waist, a mouth small, ruddy and kiss-tempting, hands so beautiful that a sculptor would have loved to model them, and a figure so commanding, yet graceful, that it could not fail to excite the liveliest admiration. Yet to me it seemed that her chief loveliness lay in her eyes, large, dreamy, violet eyes that sometimes veiled themselves beneath their golden lashes as if to hold communion with her heart. As I have said, she was not what Byron calls "violently lively," but she was very loveable and soon held possession of all the heart-strings of those on board the *Virgilia*.

Besides Mr. Franklin and his wife, we carried as passengers two gentlemen who were proceeding to Brazil for the purpose of accepting positions in the governmental service as constructing engineers. They were about the same age, twenty-eight or thirty, I should judge, and had been great friends for several years, though their natures were diametrically opposite. Alfred Appleton was a tall, stalwart, blue-eyed New Englander, with a temper as sweet as a mother's kiss and a mind well tutored and evenly balanced, while Eugene Morris was a handsome, dashing, Baltimorean brunette, free-handed, kindly-hearted in the main, but the possessor of a very ugly disposition that came to the surface spontaneously when anything galled him. The reason for the close affiliation of these two men I could easily understand; Appleton rather admired the pluck of the quickly-resentful nature of Morris, and could readily make allowance for his faults in adding up the sum total of his many virtues. Morris, on the other hand, though he might have been loth to own it, honored his friend for his self-command under visitation, his generous nature, his innate fealty to that which was good, pure and noble. Both of these young men became desperately enamored of Miss Eaton before she had been many days aboard our vessel, and, though it was some time before I noticed her display any marked partiality for one above the other, I could not fail to observe that there was a coolness springing up between the quondam Orestes and Pylades that threatened to become an icy barrier of gigantic proportions.

"I don't half like that Mr. Morris, Mr. Carter," said Mrs. Ashley, as she sat chatting with me on the break of the quarter-deck one fine starlight night. "Estella says that she is afraid of him, that he talks so strangely to her."

"No wonder, Mr. Ashley; the poor fellow is dead in love with your sister, and that is not surprising. I more than suspect that Appleton is *epais* in the same quarter," I replied.

"Stel is pretty, no doubt; but I don't think she cares much for the sterner sex. I was a regular flirt before Jake took me in tow," as he calls it; we were always different, however, I a hoyden and Stel a prude. When she owns she's afraid, though, I don't like the appearance of things, for she is generally unflinching as steel, and will flare up if flint strikes her—dignified puss!"

A few nights subsequent to my holding this conversation with the charming Mrs. Ashley, I was dreamily dozing the second dog-watch away in a cane chair that stood in the deep shadow of the spanker, when I suddenly became aware of the presence near me of Miss Eaton and Morris.

"I tell you, sir, that much as I thank you for the compliment you have paid me in offering me your hand, I must beg to decline the honor of acceptance," said the girl, firmly, yet in modulated accents.

"But, Miss Eaton, Estella, tell me, I pray you, that this is not your final determination. I have been too hasty, premature in the confession of the love which is devouring me. Give me a little hope, I entreat you. Your affections are not engaged elsewhere, I trust?" pleaded Morris.

"You have no right to ask me the last question, sir; I have given you all the reply I choose to vouchsafe."

Her dress rustled against my feet as she swept past me in queenly dignity, and went below; I could hear the man she had left grind his boot-heels in the deck in his agony of disappointment and wounded pride.

After dinner the following day I was pacing fore and aft the quarter-deck with Mrs. Ashley, as was my custom in fine weather when I had spent the forenoon watch below, when she told me that there had been a regular open quarrel between Morris and Appleton, and that only the prompt intervention of Captains Loring and Ashley had prevented a violent encounter. It had not transpired what the trouble was.

"But," said my pretty informant, "I can give a pretty good guess, for Estella told me to-day that she has promised to marry Alfred Appleton. And I am glad of it, for I think he's a real nice fellow."

We were not far from the equator, and the "doldrums" were upon us. The sails hung idly from the yards and stays, flapping monotonously with the rolling of the ship, and I was leaning over the taffrail on the starboard side of the wheel-house in the first dog-watch, thinking of those I had left behind, and watching the sun sink slowly down in a flood of crimson and gold beneath the purple horizon, when my attention was attracted by the sound of voices; Estella Eaton and Eugene Morris were conversing on the opposite side of the wheel-house. They were speaking in such low tones that I could not hear what they said; I had been able to do so, I should probably have moved away, not caring to play the part of eavesdropper; but an indefinable something impelled me to remain, and I leaned over the rail, noting the changing tints in the ocean as the sun's upper limb disappeared from view, and only the scarlet and amber hues in the sky were left to mark the spot where the orb of day had sunk to rest.

"You shall never be his; you shall die with me!"

I started from my reverie as these words uttered by Morris in a higher key caught my ears, and ere I could straighten myself fairly up, I saw Morris spring over the taffrail with Estella in his arms!

"Man overboard, aft!" I yelled, and then without hesitation I leaped into the water.

I was a strong swimmer, and I reached Morris and his victim almost directly they came to the surface, for they had descended deeper than I. Seizing the girl, I sought to wrest her from his grasp; but he clung to her with desperation, and I could see he was insane. Catching him by the collar by sheer strength that I knew could not hold out long, I prevented his sinking with his inanimate burden. Then there was another splash, and as I saw Appleton swimming close to us, I twisted my head so tightly in the neckcloth of the maniac that he was forced to relax his hold, and Estella would have sunk had not her betrothed grasped and sustained her.

Balked of his victim, Morris turned the full fury of his maddened hate on me; he was supple and sinewy, and twined his legs around mine and we sunk together. Down deep in the abyss of ocean with the water hissing and seething in our ears, we struggled and fought for mastery, as gladiators fought for their lives and victory in the arenas of ancient Rome. It was a submarine battle a *Poutrance*. We rose once to the surface, I still looked in his deadly embrace, with my hands upon his throat trying to choke him, to crush out his life to save mine own. The breath of air revived me, and, as we sunk again, by a heroic effort I released my legs from the grip his own had upon them, and pressed down his head; then there came a sudden flash of silvery light, a shock, and as I rose released to the surface I saw the sea around me was incarnated with blood. A shark had snatched me from the jaws of death.

My tale is told. I was dragged exhausted, well-nigh drowned, into the boat that had been lowered, and which had already picked up Appleton and the fair girl who is now his cherished wife. It did not take me, rough, hard-shipped seaman as I was, long to recover from the effects of that death struggle in the waves; but sometimes, even after all the years that have fled into the dim shadow of the past since then, I feel in my dreams the maniac's grip upon me, and hear again the waters hissing in my ears, and I wake with a start to answer the oft-repeated question: "Jack, dear, why will you persist in eating Welsh-rarebits so late at night?"

Heroes of History.

Mehemet Ali, Regenerator of Egypt.

BY LAUNCE POYNTE.

WE in America are apt to overlook and slight other countries than our own, principally because we do not know much about them. The man whose name is at the head of this sketch, now almost forgotten in America, lived within the memory of many of our present people, and was the cause of a great change in his own country affecting ours. Mehemet Ali, indeed, founded a kingdom which is remarkable for being the only Eastern nation which *thoroughly loves America*. The Egyptian army is, to-day, drilled and disciplined almost entirely by American officers from the armies of our late civil war, who act as generals, colonels, and staff officers over brown Bedouins, turning them into soldiers as good as any in Europe. It can not be without interest to Americans now, to trace the growth of the present Egypt, made by Mehemet Ali.

Mehemet Ali was born in Albania in 1765, of low parentage, with no advantage of education, no friend but his own strong will. He enlisted as a common soldier in the Turkish army, and by his bravery and conduct rose to command. He served in Egypt against young Bonaparte, and was the only successful Turkish officer there. He soon became so noted, that soon after the French left, the sultan made him Viceroy of Egypt, in 1806. From that day to this, Mehemet Ali and his family have ruled Egypt, made it almost independent of Turkey, introduced European arts and sciences, and finally, as we have said, invited American officers to train Egyptian armies, while Egypt is now as safe to travel in as our Central Park.

It was a different place when Mehemet Ali first took hold of it. Then the land was completely ruled by hundreds of proud, ferocious soldiers, the celebrated *Mamelukes*. These Mamelukes were a strange body of men. A Turkish sultan called Amurath had first introduced them as a body-guard for himself. He selected the handsomest and strongest boys from among the Georgian and Circassian slaves that were sold at Constantinople. These boys were trained up to become perfect horsemen and swordsmen, and dead shots.

They were called Mamelukes, and were soon celebrated for their wonderful prowess in battle. Their only business was to learn to fight, and they learned it well. Napoleon, who met them in Egypt, called them the "finest cavalry in the world." But, besides this, they had also become the plagues of the country. The sultan was so much afraid of their robberies, murders, and mutinies, in peace time, that he sent them to Egypt to get rid of them. Mehemet Ali found them roaming over his country, robbing the poor peasants, living in idleness, and only owing the authority of their "beys" or colonels, whom they elected. These beys were the most cruel and rapacious of all. They had divided unhappy Egypt into provinces, each of which was bound to support a bey and his horde of cruel Mamelukes. The very commonest Mameluke used to carry at least ten thousand dollars' worth of gold and jewels on himself and his swift Arab horse, and all this wealth was wrung from the poor peasants.

Mehemet Ali made up his mind to free Egypt from these pests. In judging his manner of doing it, we must remember he was not a Christian, and that the Mamelukes had only one virtue—courage. Their crimes were worse than those of most convicts in our States' prisons. Hardly a man but had committed at least a dozen murders, and they lived by robbery. The grim viceroy knew that his other soldiers, raised from the poor broken-down peasants, were no match for these fierce horsemen. He did just as we had to do in the Florida war, with the Indians, as brave and cruel as the Mamelukes. He pretended to be their friend, invited their beys to a feast in the fortress at Cairo, and took them all prisoners, as General Taylor did the Seminoles. There was one difference, however. Mehemet Ali *killed* all his Mamelukes. Only one got off, a chief named Elfy Bey, whose escape was perfectly marvelous. The fortress at Cairo stands at the edge of a precipice a hundred feet deep. The wall of the court-yard on that side is only four feet high. When the raging, desperate Mamelukes were all shut in, the artillery mowing them down, the gates closed on them, Elfy Bey turned his horse to the parapet, leaped over and down the precipice. The horse was crushed, but its death saved the rider's life. Elfy Bey escaped to the desert, and lived among the Bedouins many years. He never ventured to cross Mehemet Ali.

The viceroy, having killed the chiefs, soon drove out the rest of the Mamelukes. Some joined the Bedouins, some went to Tripoli, and joined with the American consul, General Eaton, in the American war with Tripoli. They troubled Egypt no more. Mehemet Ali then set to work to renew his wasted territories, and succeeded so well, that Egypt became once more the garden of the world.

As time went on and Egypt increased in wealth and comfort, a tide of visitors began to stream in upon the country from Europe. Up to the time of the expulsion of the Mamelukes, this had not been possible. Egypt, with all its wealth of ancient monuments, had remained buried from the worlds for centuries, and the ignorance existing on the subject was marvelous. Napoleon's expedition had been accompanied by a number of naturalists, antiquaries and artists, who had published a magnificent book, under the editorship of Denon, the Chief Engineer of the army, containing full drawings of the monuments. This, however, from its enormous price, was not generally accessible. It was buried in public libraries. The curious in New York city can to-day judge for themselves of its great steel engravings on the stairways and halls of the Cooper Institute, where they hang, framed and glazed.

The great mass of people had, up to 1820, but a vague idea of Egypt, but under Mehemet Ali all this was changed. English, French, Germans and Americans successively visited the country, were received with hospitality by the Pasha, and traveled all over it, investigating anew the monuments first pictured by the French. Then came Belzoni and Sir Gardner Wilkinson and Dr. Young. The last made a wonderful discovery. He deciphered the so-called "Rosetta Stone." This Rosetta Stone was a large stone tablet found at Rosetta by the mouth of the Nile, containing three inscriptions. One was in Greek, one in Hieroglyphics, one in what was called the "Demotic Character." Now Greek is a well known language to scholars. Dr. Young read the Greek inscription and found to his great joy a clue to the sacred writings of Egypt. The Greek inscription was written by order of Cleopatra and the last Ptolemy to commemorate the founding of the monument on which it appeared. It was very long, full of names, and stated at the end that the King and Queen "had ordered this inscription to be written in Greek, in sacred Egyptian and common Egyptian characters on the stone tablet." By the aid of the Rosetta Stone, Young picked out most of the Egyptian alphabet. Champollion, a French antiquary, after a deep study of the subject, went to Egypt and read the inscriptions on almost all the monuments, in a language similar to the modern Coptic or Egyptian. He soon proved that the monuments hitherto supposed to be more than twenty thousand years old, did not date back beyond the time of Abraham. Among other things, he found the name and title of Rhoboa, who was taken captive to Egypt by Shishak, recorded in the Book of Kings.

In 1832 the first American traveler visited Egypt, Stevens, afterward the discoverer of the Yucatan monuments.

In 1840, the Sultan of Turkey, jealous of Mehemet Ali's success and power, picked a quarrel with him. Mehemet Ali, who had drilled his army under French officers, beat the Sultan in every battle, overran Syria, and would have soon made himself independent, but for England and France, who came to the Sultan's help. They knew that, with a man of Mehemet Ali's talents at the gate to India, in sufficient power, England and France might have to play second fiddle before long. So they bombarded Acre, with a large fleet, threatened Alexandria, and ended by forcing the Pasha to make peace. At this peace, however, he obtained a great point. The pashalik of Egypt was made hereditary in his family, and has since remained there. Under their government, Egypt has become the most civilized of the Turkish dominions. The Suez canal has been finished. Christian churches are being built, even in Mahomedan Cairo. The hotels and theaters are as good as our own. Only last year, a magnificent opera was performed there, written expressly for Egypt, by the great Italian master, Verdi, at a cost of a million of dollars. That opera has since been performed with great success in New York. It is called "Aida." To-day, Egypt is far ahead of all the rest of the Sultan's dominions, with Americans in power all over the country. All this she owes to Mehemet Ali, who found her a den of robbers, and left her a country.